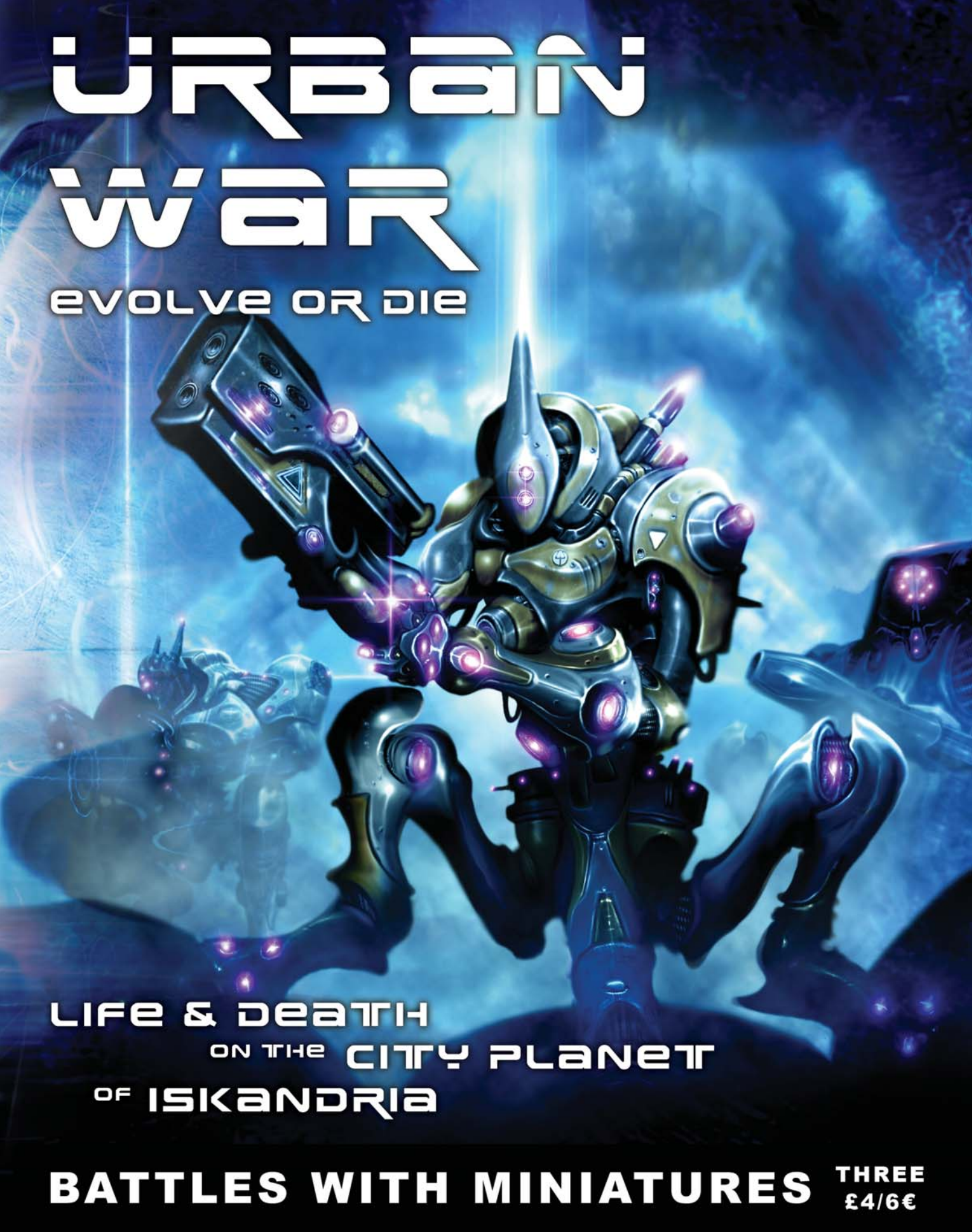
URBAN WAR

EVOLVE OR DIE



LIFE & DEATH ON THE CITY PLANET OF ISKANDRIA

BATTLES WITH MINIATURES

THREE
£4/6€

13101
Colonial Marine

13101
Colonial Marine

13101
Colonial Marine

13102
Colonial Marine Sergeant

13103
Viridian Sniper

13103
Viridian Sniper

13104
Veteran Colonial Marine

13104
Veteran Colonial Marine

13110
Saurian Rider HGR

13111
Shock Marine Sergeant

13115
Colonial Veteran HMG Team

13118
Colonial Marine Sergeant Veteran

13119
Colonial Marine Sergeant Heroine

13124
Urban Interdict

13201
Secutor

13201
Secutor

13207
Veteran Myrmillo

13208
Pit Beast

13209
Exo-Suit Provocator with Chaingun

13210
Greater Pit Beast

13211
Exo-Suit Provocator with Flame Thrower

13212
Exo-Suit Provocator

13214
Vulcan Grenadier Veteran

13215
Vulcan Grenadier

13306
Androsynth with Grape Gun & Shield

13306
Androsynth with Grape Gun & Shield

13307
MKII Tactical Teratosynth

13308
Macro-Synth Heavy Walker

13309
Nyx Class Assasin Biomech

13310
Hercules Class Biomech

13311
Achilles Class Biomech Veteran

13312
HK2800 Grav Bike

13404
Triad retainer with Naginata

13404
Triad retainer with Naginata

13404
Triad retainer with Naginata

13405
Triad Boss Veteran

13406
Dragonfly Veteran

13406
Dragonfly Veteran

13407
Oni Class Shogun Battlesuit with Naginata

13408
Oni Class Shogun Battlesuit with Katana

13418
Hatamoto Viper Wing Veteran

13420
Kabuki Doll with Naginata

13424
Dragon Launcher Team

13501
Stinger Hybrid

13501
Stinger Hybrid

13501
Stinger Hybrid

13502
Reaper Hybrid

13502
Reaper Hybrid

13508
Hybrid Hydra

13509
Harpykon

13509
Harpykon

13510
Phazon Higher Caste

13511
Larvan with Neutron Staff

13512
Broodmaster with Neutron Staff

13514
Larvan

13515
Larvan Higher Caste

13105
Veteran Colonial Marine Sergeant

13106
Colonial Shock Marine

13106
Colonial Shock Marine

13107
Viridian Special Forces

13107
Viridian Special Forces

13107
Viridian Special Forces

13108
Viridian Special Forces Sergeant

13109
Viridian Sniper Veteran

13201
Secutor

13202
Retiarius

13202
Retiarius

13203
Myrmillo Flame Thrower

13204
Amazonia Decurion

13205
Secutor Veteran

13205
Secutor Veteran

13206
Veteran Decurion

13215
Vulcan Grenadier

13301
Androsynth

13301
Androsynth

13301
Androsynth

13302
Achilles Class Biomech

13303
Artemis Class Biomech

13304
Pointman

13305
Alpha Artemis Class Biomech

13316
Achilles Class Biomech

13322
Pointman

13401
Triad Retainer

13401
Triad Retainer

13401
Triad Retainer

13402
Triad Dragonfly

13402
Triad Dragonfly

13403
Triad Gang Leader

13411
Sumatori

13411
Sumatori

13412
Hatamoto with Katana & Shield

13413
Hatamoto with Naginata

13414
Sumatori Veteran

13415
Hatamoto Veteran with Katana & Shield

13416
Hatamoto Veteran with Naginata

13417
Hatamoto Viper Wing

13502
Reaper Hybrid

13503
Hybrid Breeder

13504
Skull Swarm

13505
Brood

13505
Brood

13505
Brood

13506
Brood Leader

13507
Phazon Lower Caste

13001
Militia with Pistol

13001
Militia with Pistol

13001
Militia with Pistol

13002
Militia with Small Arms

13002
Militia with Small Arms

13003
Militia Female with Pistol

13003
Militia Female with Pistol

13003
Militia Female with Pistol

THE DRACONIS ALBA GALAXY

Arkadian/Helios Binary System

The Arkadia/Helios Binary system is a twin star system consisting of a yellow dwarf main sequence star Arkadia and a long dead black dwarf Helios.
The binary system was formed when Helios, as a white dwarf, arrived in the system and set up a tandem orbit with Arkadia a little over 4 billion years ago.

Viridia-Solaris/Leviathan Binary System

The Viridia-Solaris/Leviathan binary system is a twin star system consisting of the main sequence star Viridia Solaris and the long dead black dwarf Leviathan and their satellites.
The binary system was formed 5.5 billion years ago when the immense gravity field exerted by Leviathan captured the young Viridia Solaris system.

Void

Void System

The Void solar system is located in Rim Sector 52, an area of low star density. It is quite remarkable in that three out of its five orbiting plantes apparently have naturally occuring atmospheres capable of sustaining carbon-based life forms. VASA quantum scientists place the chances of discovering a system of thsi type as incalculably small, to the point of impossibility. It is the highest scoring system on the VASA Colonisation Index. Another feature of the system is the extremely high biosphere reading on Void 1.1.

I agree that the present Koralon encroachment demands that we overlook our differences and reinforce our common human bonds, and as those who have followed my work can attest I have long called for an increased solidarity amongst the Great Powers. But we cannot allow this present threat to quash legitimate criticism or gloss over uncomfortable facts. What has passed for pragmatism in dealing with the Koralon threat is, I assert, another brand of cynicism; a cynicism that prohibits a long-term view and denies the values we hold as essential for all mankind.

So while I acknowledge Ironglass's instrumental involvement on the purging of the Gateworld Systems I deplore their coercive state and call it the monster that it is. And though many here would be quick to condemn the Syntha for their way of life few have had the courage to challenge their recent machinations, whether their refusal to respond to treaty obligations in the face of invasion or their aggressive, and as yet unexplained, actions in the Arkadian System. VASA, while ostensibly our staunchest ally, has repeatedly violated Tripartite Interdiction and Conscription Codes to redirect resources from planets within our legal sphere of influence to purposes of their own. And need I even comment on their recent dealings with these so-called criminal brotherhoods?

Perhaps worst of all is what I've seen from this body, and I don't refer to the rampant licensing from puppet governments on liberated worlds which is, unfortunately, what I've come to expect. I refer to the present complacency, the unwillingness to commit to a long-term plan of action, no matter how difficult that may be. We can accept that there are many more battles to fight, but how many of you are willing to champion the unpopular view that things cannot go back to the way they were? It is our duty as the birthplace of mankind to assume the leadership of this new struggle, and we can no more be content with our allies than we can with ourselves. Can no one here understand that it was the status quo that nearly spelled our annihilation?

-Academician N.M. Dirac in an open session of the Viridian Assembly

a galaxy divided

Mankind believes it has mastered the cold dark of space; having leapt the impossible gulf between the stars the empires of man embrace thousands of worlds and enforce an uneasy peace throughout the galaxy. In the centuries since humanity's emergence from the Viridia-Solaris System the galaxy has become a home, worlds have been tamed and remade, great highways of gravitic force have been tapped, and far distant empires have risen to glory in the light of alien suns. Expanding ever outward humanity has brought its drive and adaptability, its curiosity and extemporizing genius, to illuminate the cold dark of space and overcome the challenges of this new frontier. But man has also preserved his follies and his faults, his chronic divisiveness; and the schisms developed in the age of exploration have become permanent partitions within the human race. Mankind is at war with itself.

The four great powers of the Tripartite Confederacy exist in an uneasy state of mutual hostility, an equilibrium designed to maintain a galactic balance of power. This perpetual cold war is one of spies and secrets, of clashing ideologies, of incompatible visions for the future of mankind. It is a colonial war, waged every day on a thousand battlefields and in the space between the stars, a complex game played by cautious giants for limited stakes and within unspoken boundaries; for to overstep the rules of the game would be to plunge the galaxy into a conflict from which it might never recover.

Central to this great game of dominance are the homeworlds of mankind, the planets of the Viridia-Solaris/Leviathan System. Though the Tripartite Powers rule vast empires and manipulate events more than half a galaxy away, it is to the homeworlds that all mankind looks for guidance.

Viridia herself is still the best and most benign of humanity's planetary domains; an enormous, ever fertile world of extraordinary genetic diversity. But while this lush, green world stands as a balanced model of ecological and economic husbandry, the corporate houses that dominate the Viridian Assembly have shown less scruples abroad; often engaging in rapacious and thinly disguised colonial exploitation through various intermediaries. Such companies control Viridian society as they do the Assembly, permeating all aspects of the Commonwealth's life and culture, and often involving the enormous and capable Viridian Defence Force in unsavoury ventures on far distant worlds.

None can rival Ironglass, however, in sheer, unrepentant bravado and naked greed: where other empires seek to conceal their questionable activities the Ironglass Imperial Senate blithely ignores protocol and does what it pleases. Their sprawling empire is part travelling strip-mining operation and part pirate fleet, and the Junkers routinely seize marginal worlds and squeeze them dry of resources before moving on; a pattern established long ago when convict labour gangs first worked the barren expanse of Ironglass. Now the one-time penal colony is the centre of a totalitarian empire that holds hundreds of worlds in an iron grip under the direction of the mysterious Senate, the hard taskmasters of the Imperium, who rule their enslaved populations with brutal force.

Perhaps the very opposite of the unsophisticated Junkers are the Syntha, and their strange and airless planetoid orbits aloofly in the bleakest outer reaches of the Viridia-Solaris/Leviathan System as if to avoid the contaminants of the teeming inner worlds. The Syntha seek perfectibility in the cold calculus of the machine and their world, Prime, is a concentration of a unique, obsidian-like substance that is the key component in the ingenious artificial minds that govern Syntha society. One such artificial mind of unrivalled complexity is the Prime AI, the governing intellect and absolute authority for all Syntha, human and machine alike. Utterly efficient and rational the Syntha have greatly surpassed the other factions and science in technology, but it remains to be seen if they can successfully merge man and machine into their ideal future race.

Overseeing the great powers is VASA, a pseudo-empire in its own right and arbitrator of the Tripartite Peace, a complex web of treaties and mutual obligations that have preserved man's great empires for centuries. Key to VASA's authority is its strategic domination of the galaxy's grav-wells and the mastery over trade and transport this allows them, as well as the fabulous wealth accorded them as keepers of the keys to the galaxy. VASA manages its multifarious concerns from Vacillus, an airless, frozen world in orbit around the dead star Leviathan. VASA's resources are stretched thin over nearly the whole of pan-humanic space, making them heavily reliant on surveillance and diplomacy to maintain their power; but when force is required their highly trained elite soldiers can be mobilized, at a moments notice, to intercede anywhere in man's vast galactic territory.

For centuries these great empires, engines of man's fate, remained at peace so long as they continued to look outward, to channel their energies into the colonization of the galaxy. But the frontier recedes as pan-humanic space swells, and unresolved rivalries flare anew. And it is now, in this time of mounting tension, that mankind faces its ultimate test, the alien Koralon; whose biogenic technologies threaten humanity with enslavement and extermination. Mankind has never been so divided, so vulnerable, its vast empires poised on the brink of civil war and alien invasion. Whether the Great Powers will combine in the face of the alien, or use the Koralon to further their own designs, remains to be seen. Man may emerge at a new synthesis, a new unity; whole empires may fall or rise triumphant, pointing the way to humanity's future or dragging the species down into an age of darkness. Or the invidious Koralon may subvert the ever-warring factions one by one, sweeping the fragments of a once proud civilization from their path as they aggressively expand to fill the galaxy. The stasis is broken, the future in question, but man's choice is clear: evolution or extinction.

VASA:
THE PAN-HUMANIC PROTECTORATE

VASA is many things to many people, nefarious intergalactic meddler or preserver of the balance of power, unjust monopoly or protector of the spaceways, a necessary and inevitable evil or unexpected stroke of historical good fortune: the truth varies with one's perspective. VASA embodies all of these extremes, and its complexities and paradoxes are the outgrowth of an unusual history that saw a state run administrative body transformed into the most pervasive and influential authority in human space.

VASA, acronym for the Viridian Aeronautics and Space Administration, began life as an arm of the Viridian World Government tasked with the coordination and direction of disparate corporate enterprises in the early colonization of the Viridia-Solaris/Leviathan Binary System. VASA only emerged as an independent power once it had colonized and transferred its headquarters to Vacillus, a world orbiting the dead star Leviathan, and developed the breakthrough technology of grav-shunting that would forever open the vistas of space. As sole possessors of this revolutionary technology and of the dead star's grav-well, VASA had absolute control of intergalactic travel, and thus found in a very strong bargaining position when the Wars of Secession finally tore the homeworlds of man asunder.

This war saw first Prime, and then Ironglass declare their independence from the mother world of Viridia, both seceding worlds having developed along radically divergent lines in a period when primitive spaceflight left them isolated and virtually independent. VASA rose to the occasion as arbiter of the conflict, stabilizing a situation that had the potential to destroy mankind just as it had begun to make its first tentative steps outside the homeworld system. With the signing of the Treaty of Vacillus a new era in human history was inaugurated, the Tripartite Peace, and VASA grew into its new role as maintainer of the galactic balance of power. It would prove a demanding task.

With the development of grav-shunting VASA took the lead in the most important commercial, scientific, and, as it turned out, political breakthrough since the development of space flight. The ability to navigate n-space, the fifth dimension, by linking far distant points in space by means of a wormhole enabled man to make the hop from system to system and bypass the enormous gulfs of interstellar space that made sub-light travel and colonization a near impossibility. VASA's early monopoly in this technology allowed it to lay the foundations for its present control of nearly all grav-wells in human space, and the enormous revenue generated from the trade and excise taxes at these points ensures VASA has the resources to support the high-technology investments and enormous fleet necessary to the maintenance of its position.

Though practically omnipresent in human space-- VASA does, after all, claim guardianship over all mankind-- the Protectorate cannot command the kinds of material and human resources of the more traditional empires such as Ironglass or Viridia. Instead they maintain a decentralized and diffuse presence throughout the galaxy; concentrating on key strategic or economic regions and relying heavily on espionage and diplomacy to wield power in ways more subtle and cost effective than blunt military force. There is no world, nation, or outpost that has not in some way felt this 'long arm of VASA.'

But VASA soft power would not be nearly as effective without the backing of the VASA fleet and armed forces, highly trained and continually updated with the latest technologies. While the VASA fleet patrols the intergalactic space lanes, many colonies tithing resources and personnel to support this titanic endeavour, the VASA military operates on somewhat different principles. An elite body specializing in surgical strikes and rapid deployment, as well as peace keeping and psychological warfare, the VASA armed forces are constantly shifting from one galactic hotspot to the next where they are called upon to fulfil a variety of roles, often augmented by local planetary garrisons or other VASA response teams. These elements are combined to execute a particular task, then broken down and rushed away to another crisis where a new combination of forces is built in response to a specific tactical need. The whole system exhibits a greater fluidity than traditional strategic doctrine, though it is also a great deal more precarious. But, thanks to an unparalleled intelligence sharing network, Sec-Net, and the Protectorate's dominance of the space lanes, it has proven an effective and efficient means of projecting VASA military might.

VASA continues to uphold the tenants of the Tripartite Confederacy, and the centuries of peace in the Viridian System that allowed the empires of man to expand their colonial holdings is its greatest legacy.

VACILLUS

However, VASA's failure to protect the worlds of the galactic rim from the alien Koralon, its military evacuation of the region and the resultant century of political destabilization in the Rim Sector, has severely damaged its reputation. Now the Koralon have struck deep at the heart of human space, launching an incursion that has plunged key systems into anarchy. In the wake of these events many question VASA's role, and even the Great Powers of the Tripartite Confederacy, the homeworlds long held in check by the Treaty of Vacillus, have begun to extricate themselves from the web of alliances linking them to VASA. Worse yet on Kyklops, where VASA has carefully attempted to remain a neutral mediator between rival factions, the Protectorate's none-too-secret use of the criminal clans of the Triads to manipulate events in the Iskandrian Neutral Zone has driven both friend and foe further from the VASA fold, and threatens to drag Protectorate troops into open conflict with the other Great Powers. It remains to be seen if VASA can recover its prestige and harness its considerable resources and unite mankind in a war against the Koralon, or if the signs of destabilization are really the portents of a conflict that will plunge the galaxy into civil war.

PRIME

SYNTHA: THE DOMINION OF THE MACHINE MIND

While some find the Syntha's pursuit of pure science praiseworthy, and applaud Prime's collectivist society as a step forward on the road to human equality, most would agree that there is something unsettling, something inhuman, about the Syntha and their way of life. Syntha society is, after all, dependant on the suppression of fundamental human behaviours; a suppression stipulated, monitored, and enforced by the artificial mind of a machine.

The story of the Syntha begins in the great age of early space exploration with the discovery of the Prime planetoid. The outermost body of the Viridian-Solaris/Leviathan Binary System, Prime orbits both stars in a slow, elliptical path that takes 323 standard years to complete. This curious, teardrop-shaped planetoid was formed some five and a half billion years ago when the ancient dead star Leviathan dragged the still-forming Viridia-Solaris System into a dual orbit, exposing the proto-Prime to immense gravitic shearing. So unusual is Prime, its anomalous magnetic and spectroscopic readings long a source of confusion, that it was some years before scientists concluded it was a

naturally occurring phenomenon and not, as the first excited reports claimed, an alien artefact.

Prime's value is incalculable. In addition to the rich seems of rare elements locked in its interior the colloidal planetoid itself is comprised of a substance unique to the known universe. Dubbed Prime Obsidian, this strange pseudo-silicate has an unusual circular molecular structure that makes it fantastically durable, as well as super-conductive at almost any temperature. It is this substance that formed the cornerstone of Syntha research into artificial intelligence, its unique properties enabling the creation of the first non-human intelligences of man's experience: the Synapsed Prime Obsidian Matrix Minds (SPOMM) that caused a revolution in automation, design, and society, and launched the Syntha on a radical trajectory of experimentation and social engineering.

But it was a different kind of revolution that turned a colony of VASA scientists and their families on Prime into the first Syntha. In the age of the chemical rocket no human outpost was more isolated, more truly distant, from Viridia than Prime; and for decades the small scientific community there pursued its goals of pure research unfettered by homeworld interference. When the news broke that the Prime community had not only succeeded in creating artificial intelligences, but was also experimenting with human neural tissue to create cybernetic grafts, Viridia sought to intervene to curtail what many of its people viewed as dangerous and unprincipled tampering. This sparked the War of Secession, which saw first Prime and then the penal colony on Ironglass and even VASA itself emerge as independent players in human space. The age of the Great Powers had been born.

The Syntha created for themselves a society based on principles of economic equality and rational organization, but it is a society wholly governed by a single machine intellect located at the heart of the Prime planetoid, the Prime AI. This massive SPOMM mind is a vacuum-sealed sphere of Prime Obsidian circuitry over 300 cubic meters in volume and capable of processing trillions of calculations per second. It is a masterpiece of micro-circuitry; exponentially more sophisticated then the simple SPOMM minds of the synthetic class of Syntha society, the androsynths and teratosynths. All variables of Syntha life, great and small, pass through the obsidian relays of the Prime AI, and within its circuits the destiny of the Syntha is planned with rigorous, dispassionate precision.

It is Prime that conceived of the present Syntha social model, taking the principles of its founders as a guide Prime has created a society free of want, devoid of competition, without threat of crime or violence. All production, distribution, and services are performed by machine AIs; leaving the ever-dwindling population of humans free to pursue research and development in the pure sciences; disciplines that require traits such as intuitive analysis and imagination that even the most sophisticated SPOMM minds lack. Human Syntha are grown in nutrient tanks and remain there for several years, undergoing a period of accelerated development and education through virtual reality simulations. Emerging fully-grown, often with several cybernetic enhancements, the individual is free to pursue the life of his choice; but given that each embryo is gene-patterned for desired traits, and VR indoctrination is tailored to produce a specific set of desires, skills, and affinities for each person the concept of choice in Syntha society is something of an illusion. Such an absolute predetermination in society, the total control of information and sensory input down to the very cells of its citizens, is unparalleled in the annals of man.

Pure science, as practised by the elite human cyborgs of Syntha society, the prosthenes and standards, is the overriding principal of Syntha expansion. While other factions covet worlds for life-supporting biospheres or a wealth of minerals, the Syntha seek outposts of science, distant places of observation and analysis, airless worlds neighbouring astrological anomalies or possessing rare elements. As such the Syntha posses the most sophisticated and advanced technology in human space, and much of their power is built on the export of unique, secondary applications of scientific discoveries. This is crucial in the militarily sphere as well, where the Syntha exploit the technology gap to get the most out of their numerically small forces, comprised in large part of military grade SPOMMs and prosthene specialists; always seeking the maximum gain for the least expenditure.

The Syntha seek perfectibility in the machine, they look toward a future in which the lines between man and machine have disappeared. It is this quest for a master race that led the Syntha to their most startling breakthrough: the creation of the biomechanoids. Biomechs are literally fusions of man and machine at the genetic level, a perfect synthesis. Whether Prime can reliably achieve such results and inaugurate its longed for future age, or if the strange, experimental monstrosities newly revealed on the battlefields of Iskandria represent the new focus in Syntha priorities remains to be seen.

JUNKERS: THE IRONGLASS IMPERIUM

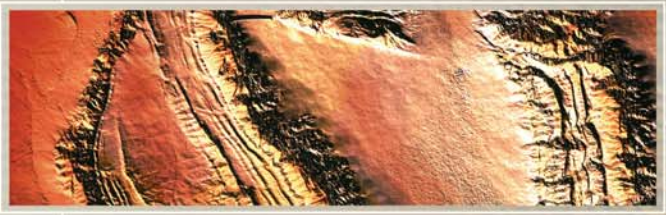
Brutally repressive, rigidly authoritarian, callous in its regard toward human life and flagrantly untrustworthy in intergalactic affairs the Empire of Ironglass is viewed by many as the most disruptive force in pan-humanic space. While it is inarguable that the overlordship of the Ironglass Senate is indeed every bit as cruel as their reputation suggestions, and that the harshness of life under Junker rule is fully as bad as the worst of slave-owning societies in Viridian's antediluvian past, there are a few who argue that Ironglass is in fact a great, stabilizing element in human history; that its maintenance of enormous swathes of colonial territory and a tremendous population in a near-frozen social pattern along with its efficient exploitation of marginal worlds acts as a counter-balance to the potentially dangerous aspirations of the other Great Powers. This theory holds that should a species-threatening cataclysm arise through the misuse of new technologies or the pursuit of social or evolutionary dead-ends the Junkers, tenaciously following a course of subsistence and survival, will endure while the more fragile of man's great empires collapse under the weight of their own grand ambitions.

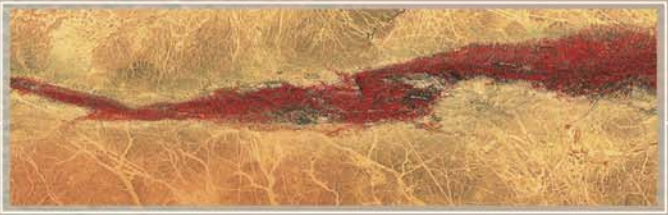
Mankind's first extraviridian settlement, Ironglass was founded as a penal colony, and the taint of criminality has remained in the descendants of those convict labourers transported to the mines and tunnels of this harsh, desert world. Confined primarily the habitable meridian between Ironglass's permanent day and night sides, the colony eked the barest existence. Sifting the ferric sands of the vast dayside desert, the Red Erg, for iron offered some return on its investment, though cost-cutting forced the convicts to trap their water in subterranean basins and harvest the native algae for food. The difficulty of keeping prisoners under such grim conditions spurred the development of the infamous neural spike, an off-shoot of Syntha neural-circuit interface technologies, and the most unruly convicts were outfitted with prototype spikes that would monitor their mood and remotely induce paralytic seizures should they seek to disrupt operations. Today of course a much simpler and cruder device is outfitted to nearly everyone in Junker military, service, or industrial positions, and is used in a far more dramatic fashion should one wish to set an example-- the detonation of the offender's skull.

In these oppressive, yet isolated, conditions an underground revolutionary movement took shape, and when the Syntha declared their autonomy from Viridia the prisoners of Ironglass were ready to take up arms and declare their own independence. With a ruthless and indomitable will the convict leadership waged a bloody war against the Viridian authorities, improvising weapons out of the mining equipment that could be had in abundance in the tunnels of Ironglass, such as high explosives and exo-skeletal lifters. Junker military doctrine was born in this War of Secession; the human wave assaults, the coercive leadership, the absolute disregard for human life. So too were the seeds of dictatorship sown at the moment of revolutionary triumph, when the newly 'elected' Senate declared the independence of Ironglass they slammed the door to the outside world, instituted a draconian system of laws, and constructed a state security apparatus that ensured they themselves would never be the victims of revolution from below. The convicts of Ironglass had merely traded one set of chains for another, shackles that would prove far heavier a burden.

The poverty of Ironglass and its dearth of resources forced the fledgling state to perfect new ways of exploiting their environment, and of making due with the detritus of the other Great Powers. Thus the name Junkers was bestowed upon them, this motley collection of ex-prisoners in their scavenged ships fighting over scraps like carrion birds, squeezing every ounce of value out of an unnoticed asteroid or picking an ancient space wreck clean. Though unglamorous such techniques worked, and the marginal sustenance they provided allowed the government of Ironglass to grow in power and expand into the galaxy just as mankind was taking its first tentative steps outside the Viridian system. Ironglass became an empire in its own right, and has remained aggressively expansionistic in pursuit of imperial glory. The militarism and bloody-mindedness of the Senate served them well in the wars of conquest and piracy that accompanied the Junkers onto the intergalactic scene, as did the ever-swelling surplus population of Ironglass.

The great mass of people in the Ironglass Imperium live in conditions of bare subsistence, labour under harsh conditions, and are subject to governmental whims to such an extent-- never knowing whether they will be conscripted, reassigned, or simply abandoned on stripped out planetoids when Junker scavenging fleets decide to move-- that the average Junker tends to be suspicious, fatalistic, and cruel. It is





IRONGLASS

a society of prisoners governed by a small elite, and the only pleasures offered the masses are the vicarious thrill of imperial glory and the inhuman spectacle of arena blood sports and public executions. To govern this potentially dangerous populous the Senate relies on paranoid and redundant methods, such as parallel chains of command, and simple compulsion such as the use of armed force and the ubiquitous neural-spike. This system is most evident in the Junker armed forces, the enormous legions, whose soldiers and commanders alike are scrutinized to the watchful eyes of Senatorial political officers, the dread lictors and censors, who ferret out disloyalty and weakness, create an atmosphere of fear and distrust, and ensure that no system can operate independently of Ironglass.

Now an enormous empire of hundreds of worlds, with a fighting force estimated at the 500 hundred million, the Junkers are ever-present in galactic power politics and no important Tripartite decision can be taken without at least nominal Junker involvement. In the repulsion of the Koralon Incursion the Junkers have proven themselves surprisingly useful, if completely unmanageable, allies; but their blatantly opportunistic actions on reconquered worlds, and their growing belligerence in the Iskandrian struggle, are proof that they have no intention of abandoning their antagonistic and contentious stance in intergalactic affairs.

VIRIDIA:
THE COMMONWEALTH OF WORLDS

Viridia is the birthplace of humankind, the point of origin for the vast, and vastly differing, empires of man. For its diverse biomass, abundant resources, and industrious and creative people there is no world richer or more self-sufficient than Viridia. As the centre of a thriving commercial empire, the headquarters of the wealthiest and most influential corporate bodies in pan-humanic space, and the source of mankind's cultural and species identity it is no exaggeration to say that Viridia is still the beating heart of humankind's galactic domain.

Man's history is one of slow progress and violent upheavals, wars of aggression and wars of self-defence, dramatic breakthroughs and their unexpected applications, the story of men and women of distinction against the backdrop of unnamed masses whose collective qualities nevertheless gave shape to their times, and of injustice and idealism, of dreams of beauty and cataclysmic nightmares, ruin and redemption. Though this chaotic tide produced the greatest works of scientific and artistic genius in man's long history it also birthed a competitive drive for dominance between the two great cultural capitols of Viridia, north and south, the superpowers of Karas and Myhrin; a rivalry that, during the industrial age, unleashed a devastating global catastrophe that nearly destroyed the human race.

This Great Flood saw the melting of the polar ice caps, the swelling of the temperate seas, and the

near total inundation of the equatorial tropics that are the site of Viridia's population belt. But mankind's ability to adapt to such a disaster ultimately strengthened and matured the people of Viridia, and it was during this time that crucial technologies emerged, as well as a new outlook toward man's place in the natural world and in the larger universe, that would prove the salvation of the species. The sealed biodomes that became the engineering basis for both the colonization of distant worlds and the intensive cultivation of engineered crops first made their appearance as floating shelters for the survivors of the flood, the solar and clean fusion technologies that revolutionized energy production were originally developed in this time as replacements for inaccessible and potentially hazardous fossil fuels, so to the new rapid land reclamation techniques pioneered to restore Viridia to its pre-flood state were the first steps man would take in the science of terraforming, and, perhaps most importantly, a new understanding of proportion and balance with nature, and a greater appreciation for the long term view, can first be said to enter the consciousness of the majority of mankind as a result of the flood: and those few that survived the cataclysm took steps to ensure that its like should never happen again.

Thus was born Viridia's concern with the natural world, and in the century that followed the subsidence of the floodwaters a technological revolution, propelled by breakthroughs in clean energy and bio-agricultural sciences, enabled mankind to rejuvenate spoiled Viridia and rebuild human society on a new model. The equatorial belt was once again verdant with flora, many plants altered to suit man's material or nutritional needs; and to replace extinct mammalian species man turned to the ancient saurian stocks that had survived the cataclysm, engineering them to fulfil vacant ecological niches as well as serve man in a domestic capacity. Most of the restoration was accomplished In little over a century of intensive environmental husbandry, and once again man was ready to reach outward and extend his grasp to other worlds.

The Wars of Secession were perhaps the inevitable result of Viridia's attempts to manage its colonial possessions in an era of slow, expensive rockets. Man emerged divided from the early space age, having barely avoided a system-wide civil war, into a time of intergalactic colonization. Viridia, despite having lost its early colonies and having to rely on VASA for wormhole travel, commanded far more resources then any of its new rivals and received the lion's share of habitable and life sustaining worlds. On each world the Viridians adapted the lessons of the flood; terraforming, creating hybrid biospheres, constructing the clean energy archologies of their distinctive solar cities, and performing a precise and careful balancing act between man and nature, always with the long term view in mind. And always with an eye toward profit.

Viridian society is corporate society; and most citizens owe their whole experience, from cradle to grave, to their corporate masters. Viridian's practice of free market capitalism is thus tempered by a kind of social safety net in that every corporation is completely responsible for its personnel, while government confines itself to a narrow sphere of activities, acting more as a facilitator and repository of public funds, the corporations take the lead in public works and social welfare programs. Though this often leads to redundancy from corporation to corporation, and the occasional strange and wasteful competitions between corporations to out-spend their rivals on prominent (and occasionally completely unnecessary) social programs, it is felt that such small inefficiencies are nothing compared to the surety of government incompetence.

One sphere in which the government is paramount, perhaps the primary reason for the existence of the Viridian Assembly, is in the armed forces. Though Ironglass possess more men under arms, VASA a larger fleet, and the Syntha the latest technologies, no other faction can hope to combine these traits into a better, all-around fighting force than the Viridian Armed Forces. The Viridians take an all-purpose approach to warfare just as they do with their architecture and engineering, and the Viridian army and fleet are both based squarely on the doctrine of general utility and inter-changeability. But as events in the wake of the Koralon invasion spiral out of control, and as ambiguous conflicts such as the war on Iskandria continue to arise, the VAF's generalized approach to war has been severely tested, in much the same way as Viridian reliance on corporate initiative and rational economic principles is increasingly being called into question in an era of mounting uncertainty.

THE KORALON: NEMESIS OF MANKIND

Unstoppable alien horde, intergalactic virus, foot soldiers of a devious race of bio-engineered ancients, invaders from the fifth dimension: theories abound to try to make sense of the Koralon, some maintain that the alien's grievances against mankind exceed anything they have done to humanity, a few even openly welcome the Koralon and look forward to a great age of galactic harmony in which all life can be united under the alien's biological aegis. However these theories say less about the Koralon then they do about mankind's hopes, fears, and fantasies, its tendencies toward self-doubt or self-deception, even self-loathing. It seems as if mankind is incapable of agreeing on the Koralon, let alone understanding them.

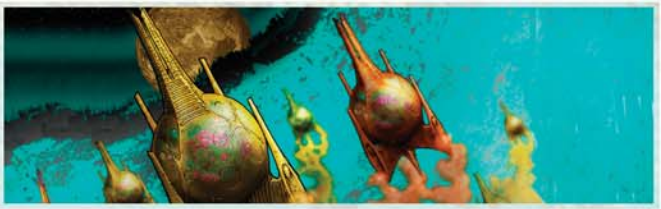
The little that man does know is based on inference and observation, for nothing like a language or records for the Koralon has ever been discovered. Clearly they evolved as marine invertebrates, their soft, slug-like bodies shaped by the aquatic environment of some distant world. That homeworld is unknown to man, though it must surely lie somewhere along the edge of the Draconis-Alba Galaxy, where the Koralon maintain an empire in conflict with mankind's outermost colonies of the Rim Sector. This placement, on the edge of the galaxy, suggests that the Koralon may in fact be younger than mankind; though physiological and xenopological evidence seems to indicate just the opposite.

The Koralon of course are inextricably linked with the substance coraline, a self-replicating and highly modifiable virus-like microbe that is the cornerstone of the alien's biological and material technologies, of the very race itself. It is thought that early in the Koralon's evolutionary history they entered into a symbiotic relationship with the microbe, at first utilising the substance to stiffen and protect their bodies, growing exoskeletal structures for support and protection. These were the first tools of the Koralon and their first technology, rather than stone handaxes and use of fire the early Koralon made the first tentative steps in the field of biogenetics, altering and augmenting their own bodies, and eventually their species as a whole. Everything about the Koralon follows from this early breakthrough.

Coraline is of central importance to the Koralon; it forms their buildings and ships, it modifies and maintains the biospheres and climate of entire worlds, it shapes not only the bodies of the Koralon but also those of assimilated species. Its unique properties allow the Koralon to 'program' coraline, design it for a specific purpose, and hundreds of strains of the substance exist all with unique characteristics, everything from a rapidly replicating 'quick dying' strain for growing habitations to a virulent sporulate variety that specifically targets human physiology. In this way not only can Koralon remake entire worlds to best suit their tastes, but so too can they harvest and utilize entire species, selecting them for their best or most useful features and impressing them into a kind of biological slavery.

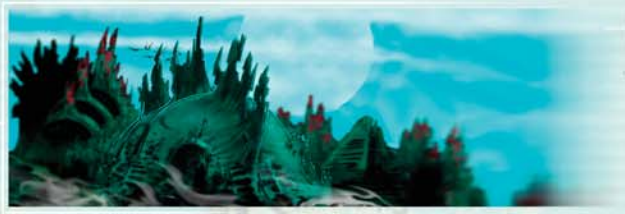
Other startling techniques have grown from the basic biological manipulations of coraline, and the strange resonant properties of specially grown coraline colonies have allowed the Koralon to exercise a profound and as yet incomprehensible mastery of gravity and fifth-dimensional physics. The highest caste of Koralon society seems dedicated to the utilization of this powerful technology and these Phazon, as they are known, are capable of manipulating n-space without benefit of a grav-well. In fact, it seems not to matter at all at what scale this operation is performed, a single Phazon can open a wormhole on a planet's surface for the movement of troops, and whole groups of Phazon are capable of moving entire fleets by a method more startling still, the creation of a warp bubble that effectively phases ships out of existence and into fifth-dimensional space to reappear almost anywhere in the galaxy! While scientists labour to understand this process the potential of warp bubble travel became painfully clear in the great Koralon Incursion.

With their ability to ignore grav-wells and shunt lines, the great grid on which humanity is so dependant to travel from system to system, the Koralon were able to strike deep into the undefended heart of human space without any forewarning. They targeted some of the richest and most strategically important worlds in man's empire, Gateworlds that were centres of trade and transport, the guardians of key grav-well hubs that linked the systems of man together. Fleets of reef ships stripped these systems of their defences while masses of coraline spores were seeded into captured worlds to begin the process of assimilation that would transform



habitable planets and their inhabitants into suitable tools for their alien overlords. While mankind momentarily set aside its infighting to force the Koralon out of many of these worlds the damage had been done, whole worlds destroyed or made uninhabitable, the vulnerabilities of humanity's galactic empires made obvious, and the Great Powers themselves made to re-evaluate their intergalactic commitments, and their trust in one another.

It is now, in the wake of the chaos of the incursion, that mankind faces its biggest challenge. The Koralon have retained one of their stolen Gateworlds, Kyklops in the Arkadian System, and defend it with a force potent enough to fend of the weakened remnants of the pan-humanic fleet. But while the Koralon attempt to complete their conquest of Kyklops and its city-continent of Iskandria the limited forces of the Great Powers on the planet's surface are locked in an escalating civil conflict that threatens not only the safety of the planet itself, but the strained relations between the powers of the Tripartite Confederacy. And the Koralon, though defeated in four systems, draw upon unknown resources and possess technologies capable of undermining the very links in mankind's spatial chain. Even if humanity does avoid civil strife and defeat the Koralon in Arkadia they are still waiting on the galactic Rim; masters of a swelling alien empire, assimilating the genetic secrets of all they encounter, ever-evolving.



FEVER'S FLAME

The detonation catches him, flips him face first into a smouldering carcass and he feels bones snap beneath the hot meat. His leg flashes cold-fire, goes dead at the core around the shrapnel's bite but he still feels the skin of his thigh, already blistering and wetted with blood. The sudden stink of raw petrosene chokes him, igniting a glimmer of animal terror in the cold knot of his gut. In a fog of heat and chemical reek he claws at the straps of his castigator tank, clumsy with panic, rolling lopsidedly away from the scorched remains of the pit beast. But Pig is strong. He regains his feet and, with a snarl, tears the harness from his shoulders and heaves it at his assailants.

The crowd roars; full sixty thousand throats bellow their delight.

They move deliberately, a trio of soot-smeared Vulcans outlined against a wall of orange flame. Tense, knuckles white, hands curled tight on their stick grenades, they edge his flanks. Pig retrieves a blade from a dead man's hand and stumbles toward an obelisk of hot steel, a pillar of steaming metal stained with the black imprint of a Secutor who had been pinned against it in the opening match. The ground shifts but he is ready for it, the tiles beneath the sand skewing away from flat as the Operatii decide to add interest to the fight. One Vulcan collapses while another flounders in a waist-deep sink hole.

Pig waists no time, doubling back to catch the prone gladiator he rams the short blade into his back and moves away as the grenades fly. The crowd, a tossing ocean of faces like a billion glittering windows into the heart of man, howls as the prone Vulcan evaporates in a particle cloud. Pig is on his feet and laughing, his grotesque paunch of burn-scarred flesh heaving. Like lightning he is at the side of the trapped Vulcan, stuck in the floor and wriggling. But it's Avicea he kneels beside, pinned, and she mocks him with laughter of her own as he thrusts a blade into her chest and flames roar and surge around them; walls of fire leaping to take the crowd, melting the thousands into a single stain of black tar.

He looms in the flickering glow, the obelisks that crowd him are towers of white-hot steel; a forest of screaming metal in the furnace of the Great Arena. His skin tightens, darkens, blisters; liquefies and runs sizzling from his frame. His harness tank, not discarded but burned into his skin, welded fast, is leaking; and as he moves toward the last enemy, a faceless flicker of shadow in the roil of heat, the petrosene lights, catches fire, transforms Pig into a column of flame. He screams at the pleasure of it, and the hot blood of his brain pounds murder and he embraces his enemy and with hard claws crushes out all life.

It emerges from the torment of sleep into a cool night of forgetting. The sweat cools rapidly on the remnants of its old skin, the fever flees and takes away the last threads of self that bound it to the past. It stumbles at first, like any newborn, but learns its body quickly. All is strange.

There are others in the place, they lie unready: halfway between worlds. It leaves, smashing through an interior door and lurching down many steps. A hulking mass of twisted flesh and chitin plate, spike-legged and clawed as a crab, it emerges into the open air of night and casts about with senses new and untested. It tastes distances, feels sounds, sees strange landscapes with alien eyes and hears the others of its kind like thoughts rising unbidden from a deep well of instinct.

But it remembers killing, and its pulse quickens as it moves away, moves toward the thronging thousands that call for it close by. Its legs now a blur, it speeds toward the promised violent joys of its new life and flexes a monstrous claw of barbed coraline. Its other arm, smaller and manlike, convulses too; absentmindedly it tightens around the silver capsule that it clutched while in the depth of fever, its cool metal the only comfort a dying Pig had as his soul burned.

The 'Power of Light'

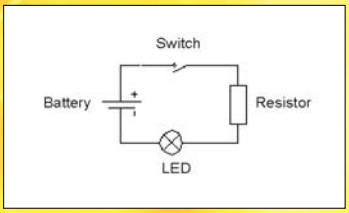
or Building Illuminated Koralon Portals

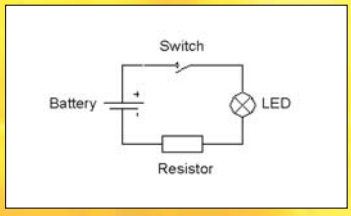
By Christian Sulzer

It all started at the Salute 2005 show in London, when I first played the Koralon in Urban War. After my first game, I talked to the other players about proper tactics for the Koralon. Among the range of options the Koralon horde has at it's disposal, the Portals piqued my interest the most - so I built up an army that extensively relies on the use of portals, and played that tactic with tremendous success. But there was one thing that was absolutely unsatisfying - the look of my portals. At Salute, I used some of Grahams brand new business cards to represent them - but that was far from being inspiring (no offence, Graham!). So, when I was back in Germany, I thought about building some proper portals. "Proper", in this case, meaning the magic word "illumination"! I wanted some portals that would draw the attention of my opponents (and distract them from figuring out my cunning battle plan). So when I went to university on Monday I took the catalogue of an electronics shop along with me, and one lecture later, I had it all laid out and was making a list of what I would need. I bought all the stuff and headed back home. I will tell you a bit of the planning phase first.

Christians basic guide to electrical engineering

First of all, you need a plan of what you want to build. What I wanted was a LED illuminated piece of Plexiglas on top of a Base, with a switch to turn the light on an off, all powered by battery. See the examples below.





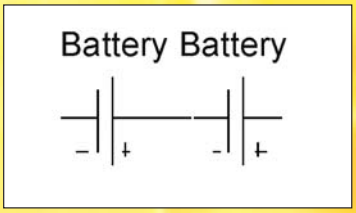
The above layout diagrams are examples. You can put all the components together in a different row, whatever suits you best.

So what do you need?
1 or 2 Batteries (coin cells)
1 LED (Light Emitting Diode)
1 Switch
1 Resistor
1 Battery holder
1 Wire
1 Piece of Plexiglas/Acrylic/Perspex
1 or 2 Bases
Soldering kit, Knife, Drills, Glue, Hot glue, Multitool…

The first thing you have to think about is the size your portal should be, and that everything has to fit on the Base. I chose a 40mm round base and a portal size of approx 30x45mm, using 4mm thick Plexiglas which I cut out from a bigger piece with a jigsaw. I used 4mm thickness because I wanted to fit a 3mm LED completely into it. Fitting the LED completely inside the Portal will greatly enhance the Portal's illumination, because the light can't escape and will get completely captured in the Plexiglas. I used a file to round off the edges and corners to make the Plexiglas piece look more like a Portal, and since the LED light would simply pass through flat glass, rounding it off created a rougher surface round the edges through which the light would be better reflected.

And now for the tricky part - electronics! Every LED has a range or point of voltage where it can emit light - this is called forward voltage. Typical voltages needed to make the LED work range from 1 - 4 Volts. You will find all information on the data sheet of your LED, or by asking at the store where you buy them. As an empirical formula you can say red has a forward voltage of about 1.65 V, yellow 2.1 V, green 2.7 V and blue up to 4 V. The amount of amperage is 15 mA for a standard and 1.5 mA for a low current LED. 'Ultra bright' LEDs will need more, but I recommend using such ultra bright LEDs, since normal LEDs are usually not bright enough to see much in daylight. But do not directly look at the LED, and do not play around with them to blind someone else - they are really bright!

You must make sure that your power supply provides enough voltage. Coin cells (at least the ones I found - these were 1225, 12mm diameter 25 mAh) have a maximum of 3 Volts - if you choose to use an LED with more than 3 Volts you must use two batteries in a series connection. See the Batteries in Series diagram.



1. The components

2. The LED

3. The switch

4. The wire

5. The battery holder

6. The resistor

7. The battery - showing the negative (-) side

8. The battery - showing the (+) side

9. The base - showing the holes for the LED and the switch

10. The base - showing start to finish

11. The lower base - showing the centre cut out

12. The lower base - showing the outer ring (the bit we want)

13. The base upper and lower - showing start to finish of both parts

14. The base - showing the upper and lower parts married up (not glued at this stage)

15. The base - showing the switch glued in place and LED married up (not glued at this stage)

16. The base - showing the switch glued in place and LED married up (not glued at this stage)

Once you have your battery and your LED you will be able to work out the size of the resistor you'll need. To do this you need to know the voltage your battery provides, the voltage the LED needs, and the amperage the LED is using. Use the following formula to work it out (don't worry it's not complex!).

- (Voltage Battery provides -Voltage LED needs) / Amperage LED uses = Resistor needed

Resistors have standardised values so if you can't find one that exactly matches the result, just use the next higher one.

For example, if you use a 3 Volt battery and a red ultra bright LED with 1.65 V and 20 mA (0.02 Ampere) the formula will look like this:

$$\frac{(3\ \text{Volt}_{\text{Battery}} - 1.65\ \text{Volt}_{\text{LED}})}{0.02\ \text{Ampere}_{\text{LED}}} = 67.5\ \text{Ohm}_{\text{Resistor.}}$$

The next higher standard resistor value is 75 Ohm, so for this Battery and LED combination a 75 Ohm resistor will be the one you need.

For the switch and wire you can use whatever you have or what you can find. But bear in mind that they have to fit inside a 40 mm base! I used a small on/on Switch, left the second "on" side unconnected, and got an on/off switch.

Portal Construction

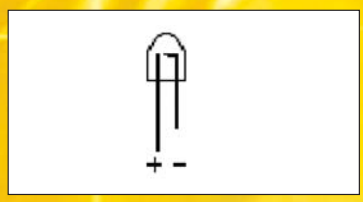
Now we have all the things we need, and all we have to do is make some holes in the Base, solder everything together and get it painted.

First remove every obstacle from the inside of the Base, so that you have plenty of space, and drill a 3mm hole in the middle of your Base. Then drill or cut a hole for your switch in it.

Now glue the switch in the right position and choose a spot for the battery. I would recommend placing the battery as far towards the edge of the base as you can, because the battery is one of the bulkiest parts in your construction. Glue the battery holder in this place (I had to cut mine in two pieces, drill a hole in the base for one end, and a second hole to get the wire back inside).

After you have fixed switch and battery holder in place, use some small pieces of wire and solder one side of the holder to the switch. Be careful, because the soldering iron will get really hot (between 480°F and 660°F (that's 250°C and 350°C)), and if you hold a metal piece in your hand and solder it on one side, the other side will also get pretty warm. I soldered at 570°F (300°C) with a soldering station - but don't worry, you won't need such high-tech tools, a normal soldering iron should have an appropriate temperature and is much cheaper anyway.

The other side of your battery holder will go directly to the LED. LEDs let the power pass in only one direction, and they only emit light if they are connected in this way.



Normally LEDs have a short and a long leg. The longer leg is for the + (plus or positive) pole and the shorter for the - (minus or negative) pole. If, for some reason, the legs are equally long, then you have to take a closer look at the LED head. Inside the LED head the minus pole has a kind of 'nose'or 'kink' as shown in the diagram above. So if you connect your LED to the battery, always remember the way you have to put your battery in (on a battery holder, there already should be labelling - otherwise, just make some markings on your own) and be sure to connect the right LED leg to the right battery pole (minus battery to minus LED and plus battery to plus LED). I put the LED through the hole in the base, looked which side is my positive side, then shortened the LED legs to get a better fit, and then soldered everything together. Now connect the other LED leg to the resistor using a short wire (don't worry about poles here - resistors work in both ways) and the second end of the resistor to your switch.

If you insert a battery your LED should glow now. If not…. Bad luck! Check the battery poles and LED poles. Are all soldering points holding? Do you have a short circuit somewhere? Be sure not to have the blank metal parts touch each other or the battery. Is your wire intact? Is the switch connected correctly so that your "on" position actually means "on"? Is there some kind of dirt on the contacts of your battery, battery holder or the switch, which prevents the closing of the circuit?

If it is working, fix everything with a bit of hot glue. Then drill a 3 mm hole at the bottom of your acrylic plastic sheet that's going to be the actual portal, and make sure it is deep enough to fit the LED in. Then, fix the portal to the base with some superglue. Since my battery holders (and the two batteries for the ultra bright LEDs) where sticking out from under the base, I simply cut off the top from a second base and glued it, upside down, under the first one. While my portals are somewhat elevated over the battlefield, having a higher base, they're at least standing firmly on the table. Use whatever you want to design your base, paint it, and then you're done. But be careful not ruin all your electric work - too much paint can run into the switch, for example.

Now you have mastered the powers of electricity. The eyes of your opponents will be fixed to your portals. They are really an eye catcher!

And this wraps it up for now. You can use the same principles for including LEDs in all sorts of different things. There are quite a number of things on the tabletop that could really do with some light…! So go ahead and invent some things of your own.

Me, I'm starting to think about something else, something new, something impressive… Sound!

Cheers, Christian

17. The base - showing the switch glued in place and LED married up (not glued at this stage)

18. The portal - showing acrylic sheet cut to shape

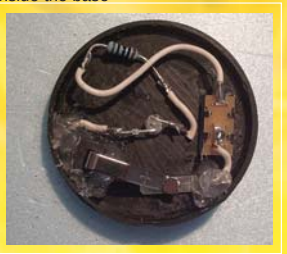
19. The battery holder - showing the complete holder, and the two parts of it that are required

20. The base - showing the two parts of the battery holder glued in place. Note the extra holes that will enable routing of battery holder wires back inside the base

21. The base - showing the two parts of the battery holder glued in place. Note the extra holes that will enable routing of battery holder wires back inside the base

22. The base - showing the switch and battery holder wires in place

23. The base - showing the switch and battery holder wires in place



24. The base - showing the LED in place, and the LED and resistor wires in place

25. The completed base - upper and lower base parts have been assembled and glued together

26. The completed base - testing, the battery has been inserted, switch on and everything works

27. The portal - showing the acrylic portal after being sanded round the edges

28. The completed portal assembled - all that remains is to texture and paint the base

29. An array of multi coloured portals

30. A green portal for a green Koralon!

A Little Money On The Side

Urban War Scenario
By Frank Cord Lohmann

"Saburo, have you forgotten your vow to your ancestors, that you shall make this clan the most powerful on the planet?"

Despite all these years, the voice of his father still startled Ikoma Saburo. He looked up for the work he had been focusing on, staring at the small shrines to his ancestors on his desk. Behind the delicate wooden carvings and ornamentation, each held the persona construct of one of the venerated oyabun that had come before him, their eyes judging his deeds every minute of the day, their encoded memories providing guidance and advice, their trapped minds forever serving the honour of the clan. His eyes met the holographic projection of his father's face, the man who came before him, the man who brought the Stone Crab Clan to prominence among the Five Clans South, the man who constantly reminded him of his duties even when he was still walking among the living.

He gazed at the holograms, lost in thoughts, when the communication console on his desk announced that Shirane Taro, one of his most-trusted lieutenants, was calling in.

"Oyabun, we have done as you commanded. The last Junker strongpoint has been taken. Bathsheba sector has been pacified in the name of VASA, and the Stone Crab Clan."

Saburo leaned back, satisfied. This victory was sure to please their VASA allies, and to increase his standing among the other Clan heads. He was just about to order Taro to let his troops regroup and secure their position when his glance fell back to the images of his ancestors, his father looking at him expectantly. Pausing for just a moment to call up his troop's position and orders, he turned back to the communicator.

"Taro, have you found any of the houses of entertainment the Junkers were said to maintain in that sector?"

"I must admit that we have so far been unable to pinpoint their location. We do suspect them to be within a zone of a mere few blocks, though."

"Listen to me, Taro. VASA observers are on their way to your position, and will arrive no later than fifteen minutes from now. I will contact Sué Jun and ask her to discreetly delay their arrival for as long as possible. Before these men and women arrive at your position, I want you to find and secure as many of the Junker brothels and drug dens as possible, and to hide these from the Observers' eyes. I expect them to order the destruction of any illicit business they find in the sector, and I expect you to follow that order. Still, why should we rebuild anew what others have left intact for the taking? "

"I understand. We will do as you have said."

"One last thing, Taro - do not let the Observers see you, or any of your men, in doing this. It would be a great shame for the Stone Crab Clan if I had to explain the VASA observers why it seemed like my men were hiding evidence from them."

"This will not happen, Oyabun."

Saburo closed the communication channel. His thoughts went to the brothels and drug dens in Bathsheba sector - if they could only secure them in time, these could be discreetly reopened within days, bringing much profit and other benefits to the Clan. And with this additional income, the Clan could probably expand his power base before the other clans of the Five Clans South could react.

The Stone Crab could yet become the most powerful clan on the planet, just as he had vowed to his ancestors.

Introduction

For all the work the Triads are doing in VASA's name during the Iskandria crisis, they are still a criminal organisation by heart. So when the Junkers are forced to abandon Bathsheba sector, which holds some of their infamous brothels and drug dens, the local Oyabun quickly sends out his soldiers to secure these establishments for the Triads.

The Junkers, however, are reluctant to leave such spoils to the Triads, and are also afraid that proof of their business could incriminate them once VASA police and investigative forces would resume operations on Iskandria. They decide to dispatch a small team to destroy all evidence, leaving nothing that could be of use to VASA or the Triads.

Table Setup

A 4' x 4' table is recommended for this scenario. The terrain should include at least nine buildings or building-like structures, equally distributed over the table. Other suitable terrain includes oil/chemical drums, piles of rubble and waste, billboards, fences, roadblocks etc.

Forces

The attacking force consists of 300 points worth of troops, all bought by the regular force composition rules.

The defending force consists of 200 points worth of troops, all bought by the regular force composition rules. Of these, no more than two models should be armed with flamers.

Deployment

First of all, five buildings that house the "establishments" are determined. We recommend using cardboard counters to mark buildings. Use as many counters as there are buildings on the table. Mark down five counters with an "o", for objective, and put a "x", for blank, on all the other counters. These counters are then randomly placed face-down into the buildings. Alternatively, a referee could keep track of which buildings are "establishments", or you could come up with any other method that suits you.

The Junker player (the Defender) may then inspect all the counters, so that he knows which buildings hold the "establishments" and which buildings are blanks.

After that, the Junker player (the Defender) nominates one table edge as his or her deployment zone. The VASA player (the Attacker) deploys on the opposite edge. Players may deploy their forces anywhere within 8" of their table edge.

Objectives and special rules

Attacker

Your objective is to occupy and take control of as many undamaged "establishments" as possible. To control an "establishment", you have to have at least one model inside the building, with no enemy model inside or within 4" of the building. "Establishments" whose contents have been destroyed by flamers do not count towards victory.

Defender

Your objective is to destroy the contents of as many "establishments" as possible. The contents of an "establishment" are destroyed when a model armed with a flamer is within such building and uses an attack/shooting action to wreck it. No attack roll is necessary for this; once the action is spent the contents count as destroyed. Note that you cannot destroy the contents of buildings occupied by enemy models in this way - the building has to be free of enemy troops for you to be able to cleanse it.

Victory conditions

The game lasts 8 turns. At the end of turn 8, victory is determined according to the following rules.

- If the Triads control all five "establishments", it's a major VASA victory.
- If the Triads control 3+ "establishments", it's a minor VASA victory.
- If the Junkers have destroyed the contents of 3+ "establishments", or the Triads only control 2 or less "establishments", it's a minor Junkers victory.
- If the Junkers have destroyed the contents of all five "establishments", it's a major Junker victory.

Playing the scenario with other forces

Of course, the Junkers aren't the only faction that compete with the Triads for a share of the criminal underworld. Syntha is known to produce designer drugs, illegal growth hormones and all kinds of other black market chemicals, and Viridia's bookies and money-launderers aren't to be trifled with...

Also the contents of the buildings don't have to be related to illicit businesses. Command posts, hidden arm caches, supply points or safe houses are highly sought-after by any faction operating in the no-man's land of Iskandria.

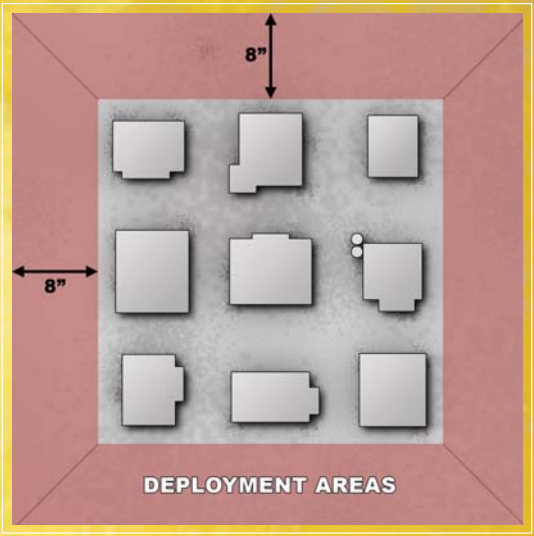
Any force of 300pts can be the attacker, and any force of 200pts can be the defender. Since no faction save the Junkers are using flamers as of yet, if the defenders are from a different faction, the defending player gets to nominate up to two of his models as carrying demolition charges to wreck the contents of the "establishments". These models should be of CAL 1 or higher, and should not have a MV value higher than 4, nor special rules that enhance movement (like Fast or Jump Trooper).

Tips and tactics

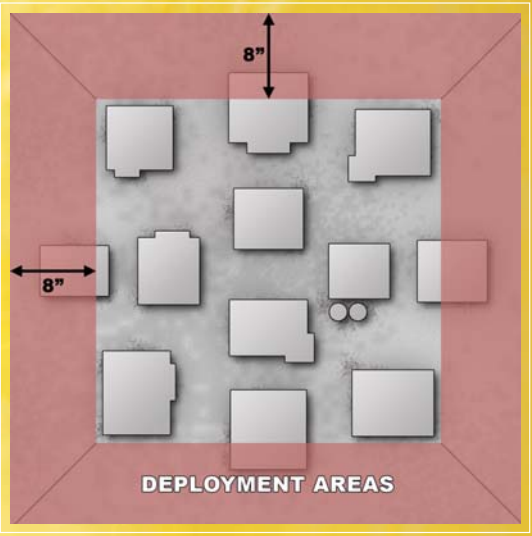
For the Junkers, the main question is whether to put all eggs into one basket, buying a high-calibre Myrmillo or even a Provocator Exo-Suit, or to go for two lower-calibre ones. Both approaches have their merits and drawbacks. Your big asset is undoubtedly that you know exactly which buildings are objectives and which are false leads. Your biggest concern should be keeping your flamethrowers alive - using Secutors as bodyguards and Retarii to intercept enemy models, for example.

For the Triads, it's easy to get carried away simply hunting the Flamer guy. However, finding the right buildings and occupying them shouldn't be forgotten, or the Junkers might still make a minor victory. Second-guessing the Junkers movements and trying to defend buildings the Junkers are trying to get to won't work - you'll have to do your own legwork, and that'll mean splitting up your forces. You'll probably find that Dragonflies are mighty useful for checking out buildings.

Thanks to Graham Stenning, Bill Ward and the Urban Mammoth playtesters for offering feedback to this scenario.



Deployment suggestions



Painting your Construction Sets

Fig 1

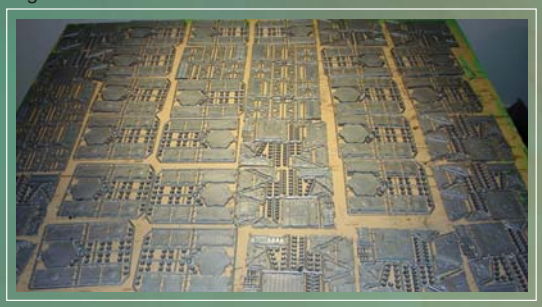


Fig 2

Fig 3

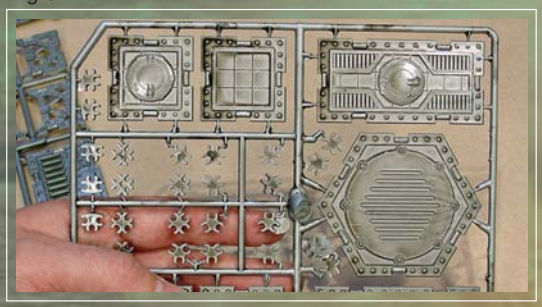


Fig 4

Construction sets are an ideal way to populate your Urban War battlefields with interesting buildings and features. Here is a quick and effective way to paint them by the truckload!

The basic idea here will be to wash them in a dark colour and then dry brush them up. The biggest problem I find is that inks and diluted paint tend to pool on the surface of plastic models particularly on the raised surfaces instead of flowing into the details. However, I think we have found a solution to this, solution being the operative word! Tamiya produce an interesting range of coloured varnishes: green, red, blue and yellow as well as a very useful "smoke" colour (Fig 1). The smoke is dark grey in colour and although its quite thick it flows nicely into all those nooks and crannies, which makes it perfect for washing metallic or grey surfaces.

Simply layout all the sprues of your construction set on your painting table (Fig 2). Paint one side of each of the sprues in Tamiya smoke. Use a large brush, anything from a half-inch (1cm) to an inch width, to paint with. Make sure you have just enough on your brush so that the varnish flows over the surface so that you do not have to overwork it. Leave it for a few hours to dry. Check to see if you it has picked up enough of the detail (Fig 3). If it hasn't, simply repeat the process to make it darker. Once you are happy with the effect repeat for the reverse side.

Now you can build your construction set to your desired configuration (Fig 5). Once you have built it then dry brush the whole outside surface in a gunmetal colour. Once dry you can then dry brush it lightly with silver to bring out all the raised detail (Fig 6).

In a similar way you can spray paint some of the sprues in gold or copper. Then using a mix of Tamiya Red and Green, to create a dark brown, you can then wash the gold/copper sprues. These can then be assembled with the silver ones and then dry brushed accordingly. This will give you a nice two-colour effect for your sets without much effort.

If any of you have other ideas of how to paint your construction sets then please e-mail us or write to the address on the back of the magazine.

Have fun,

John

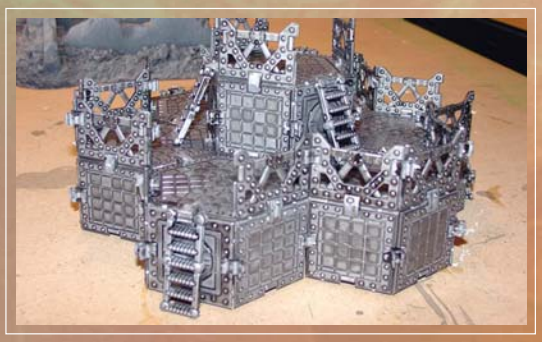
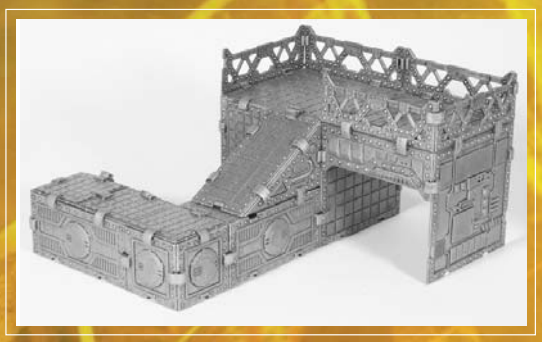
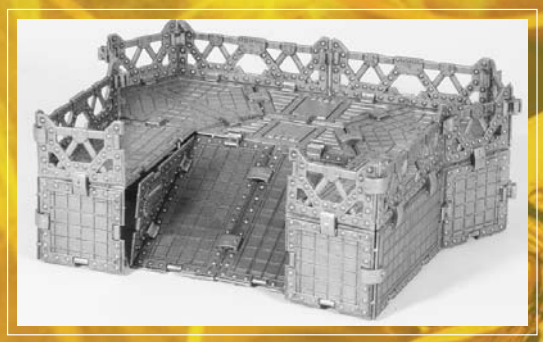


Fig 5

Fig 6





Other ideas for your constuction sets

...and into the fire

(Part One)

"Hit 'em again Karenga."

A whip-crack sound, the hard slap of a giant's palm, and the room lights dimmed, flickered; the electric-blue flash of the repulsors faintly visible through the chinks and tears in the blast sheet that had been lowered over the shattered front windows. Muffled shouts outside, not quite human, and the lights leapt back to the stark bright of pseudo-day.

"Think we burnt a few more nodes with that one, Sarge, but the uglies seem to be scattering again. It looks-" Specialist Karenga stopped short, a smile playing over her lips as she leaned over the systems console, "Chiang just drilled two of those upper caste slugs in less time then its taking me to tell you about it, Sarge."

From his firing position near the entrance of the lounge, a L-shaped bulwark of overturned plastiform coaches and heavy tables of ceramaslate, Private Madsen turned to marvel again at Karenga, with poise and efficiency she had acted as their lifeline since the retreat, their eyes and ears, and she didn't seem at all out of place behind the polished wood of the reception desk, as prettily competent as any young up-and-coming exec- if one ignored the body armour.

"Nicely done." Sergeant Arroyo held the datapad in his bandaged left hand, arm cocked at right angles in an army-green sling, navigating the visuals Karenga feed him through the bio-chem plant's security computer. For five hours they had been holding off the Koralon in this way, periodically overloading the repulsor grid that surrounded the building, a simple force field designed to prevent grav-cars from crashing into the plant. It wouldn't kill anything, but repeated bursts of negatron kept the hybrids from clustering too thickly around the entrance of the plant, and Karenga's idea had bought them enough time to barricade the doors and get their bearings.

Twenty-two of them had made it to the Consolidated Agronomics and Fisheries of Solaris, CAFS, bio-chem plant when the Koralon had overwhelmed their position on the Avenue, a motley collection of the injured, the panicked, and the lucky. Three of the twenty-two had died of their wounds, and two others, including Madsen's friend Private Veonid Pitney, had life-threatening injuries. Superficial wounds, such as the mild concussion that was still blurring Madsen's vision or Arroyo's broken arm, were common.

Once their position had been consolidated they had tried to contact the rest of the company, looking for other pockets of survivors, but the amount of magnetic flux in the area made radio communication outside the shielded confines of the building impossible. The landlines too were dead, whether severed, jammed, or

interfered with in some other manner was unknown. The Koralon had managed to box them in and keep them quiet.

"Karenga, I need the plant floor-plans feed through the VAF mapping software so we can get a real-time positional reading, and bump the refresh if you can on that panoramic of the pump yards but make sure I've got a live feed on number three cam at all times. " Arroyo said, cycling through his datapad's menu with a bony finger; as spare and rigid a tool as any stylus. "And give me an update."

"On it sarge. Uh, sarge, looks like Dbrovski's team just closed off the south labs and are on their way back, Klein's squad are still in the generator room; I can get them on the PA since those big electro-turbines flux-out the short-wave. Chiang and Jenkins have scooted up to the fourth floor, looks like a biomass arboretum or something, they're moving toward the front of the building."

"Iacinni, Madsen," Madsen flinched at the sound of his own name, so far Arroyo's continuous stream of orders had passed him by, and he had grown accustomed to listening to them as one would an audio interview: as important and interesting but somehow impersonal. And though Madsen keenly sensed that his own life was at stake he nevertheless felt like an extra in a holodrama, part of the backdrop against which the major players shaped and suffered. Arroyo hooked a finger in the direction of the wounded and they followed.

"I need you to get these two ready and mobile." Arroyo pointed at Pitney and Corporal Marks, both felled by darts from the grotesque new hybrids that had acted as support for the Reapers, coughing low-velocity projectiles while the others charged home. "We'll be moving within the hour, just as soon as-"

"Sir," Karenga, tremulous, interjected, "can't find the snipers, Chiang…no visuals on four." Eyes widening, she leaned into her hand, cupping the side of her head over the comms earpiece. Her voice was almost a whisper, nearly choked-off: "They're screaming."

The lights died, plunging them into a world of darkness, of shifting phantom afterimages on a canvas of dead black, their body's own rhythmic sounds of panic magnified in compensatory degree to the sudden absence of vision. A blind second of quiet that stretched to infinity.

Madsen switched on his lowlight viewer, transforming the world into a sea of ghostly green. He scanned the room, noticing everything at a glance: the glowing, panicked faces of soldiers groping for their goggles or masks; Arroyo's stiff form walking slowly, blindly back to the centre of the room, barking orders in the darkness; the rents in the blast sheet that protected the panoramic windows radiant with the light of streetlamps, wounds of gleaming argent in a wall of grainy, shadowed grey.

"Seal up, covers and 'breathers on! Help your neighbour if he needs it, and point those rifles at the floor. Sound off!" Arroyo quickly got the eight of them in order, Madsen and Iaccini supporting the wounded, Arroyo, Karenga, and the rest fully suited and patched together on the short wave. "Alright, stay ready to move. Karenga, can you restore plant systems power?"

"Sarge, there doesn't seem to be any emergency feed kicking in on the console, or the lights for that matter. And we should be able to contact Klein with the suit comms now that the power's out, but I'm not getting anything from either Klein or Dbrovski and we've all got triple gain systems. And, sarge, there is no way damage from outside could knock out mains and backup systems, a place like this is laced with redundancies, the only thing-"

"Understood," Arroyo cut her off. Madsen could see his fist was clenched, thought he could hear him cursing through his mask. The sounds of pounding and scraping at the blast sheet, and the stifled, inarticulate almost-voices from outside seemed to grow louder as they waited for Arroyo's order.

Arroyo looked at his datapad. "Give me your best estimate on the progress of Dbrovski's party on the map, they can't be far off. We'll collect them and then move down toward the maintenance section and meet Klein. Then we'll head for the pump yards as per our original plan. Private Kashliz and I will try to see what's keeping Dbrovski, you're to start moving toward maintenance."

"But Sarge we can't-"

"Damn it! I don't like it either," Arroyo and a reluctant Kashliz were already moving toward the south corridor, he turned and pointed with his good hand toward the blast sheet, rattling with the impact of the Hybrids outside, "but we can't zap 'em anymore and we can't stay here, and you need to get a head start with the wounded." He had taken a turn, and was lost to sight, but continued to speak over the comms. "We've activated our suit beacons, you'll hear the tone every few minutes and we'll be in constant contact; I trust your ability to manage the squad, Karey, if something should happen take the quickest route out of here."

They were hesitant to move, the six of them, Madsen supporting a grim-faced Pitney, Iacinni with the comatose Corporal Marks thrown over one broad shoulder, a nervous and slow moving Private called

Weitz looking resignedly at the floor, and a shocked Karenga, the mantle of command having suddenly settled unexpectedly on her after an hours-long ordeal wrestling with the chem-plant's computer systems. Madsen, as much to his surprise as everyone else's, broke the inertia; "We all heard him, let's go."

The CAFS bio-chem plant was an enormous building, a maze of sanitary corridors shot through with access points and maintenance shafts, secure passages designed for the movement of equipment and material, layer upon layer of parallel hallways and chambers ranging from the public, to the mundane, to the most highly secure and guarded. Through these they moved, from the panelled corridors of the office section through the low ceilinged maintenance network to round-walled shafts lined with dense thickets of pipes that pumped fluids and gases throughout the building. They had been thwarted several times by emergency doors, irises designed to close in the event of systems failure and prevent the spread of dangerous chemicals or biologics; and each time they had had to backtrack through the claustrophobic corridors made Madsen feel further and further away from the outside, trapped in a world of dim green tunnels like the hollow, dried-out arteries of some mummified alien leviathan.

"I think we're underground." Pitney said. His rebreather dangled by a single strap; he had fought Madsen vehemently when he tried to reattach it, muttering something about canaries in mine shafts. Madsen tried to look at him now, but his goggles gave him limited peripheral vision and Pitney's face was very close, his arm around Madsen's neck, and all Madsen could see of him was his sharp chin jutting from the shadows of his helmet. He had become talkative as they shuffled along the corridors. "They're in here with us, you know, they're probably watching us, or following us. Waiting, they wait-not like us at all, no, they choose when to act and when to wait."

Madsen tried to comfort him, saying he couldn't read too much into animal behaviour, that it was just fear that made it seem like the Koralon had the upper hand, but it only increased Pitney's agitation, "Animals! You say animals did this to us? Animals chased us in here, bottled us up, then broke in while we were all divided? They fly spaceships, damn it, they took our worlds like it was nothing…nothing." He finished with a groan, clamping a hand over the pressure bandage on his chest.

"I'm sick," he said simply.

"Shhhhhh!" Weitz, who had said little since the left the office section, now empathically demanded their silence. "Listen to the comms!"

The beacon tone had stopped.

Karenga immediately began cycling contact frequencies to try to raise Arroyo or Kashliz, but found only various textures of white noise. She damped down the rush of voices from the squad, though Madsen thought he could detect a note of panic in her own; "Interference. It doesn't change anything, we know where we need to go, we've got to find Klein's squad."

"Klein! You think any of them are still alive? You said yourself you heard Chiang dying, now Sarge is gone and he told us to get out of here if anything hap-"

"Just shut the hell up Weitz," Iacinni said. He had set Marks down beside him, and she looked small and childlike next to his bulk. "I don't remember Arroyo putting you in charge, and I sure as hell don't remember you doing anything to help us while we were trying to get people away from the Avenue, in fact I seem to recall you only showed up when Karey got the blast doors down."

"Enough!" Karenga cut through the bickering. She was busy studying her datapad; its pale glow, when seen through the lowlight amplifiers, washed over her suit with an otherworldly radiance. "Listen, change of plans. You remember I said this place was full of redundancies, and the Koralon had to have knocked out the mains and at least two backups? Well, looking at these schematics it shows that each plant section here is partitioned, they all have separate generators that tie into a power-sharing grid. Which means if we go past the closest partition we have a good chance of gaining access to at least some plant systems."

She turned, started moving back the way they had came. "If I can get to a security station I might be able to restore the surveillance and PA systems, which will give us some chance at finding out what's going on. So lets move!"

The six retraced their steps for a time through quiet corridors before turning north along a new route of broader, straighter halls. Karenga moved steadily forward, pad clenched in her hand, Weitz at her heels. Iacinni had slowed, the strain of carrying Marks clearly visible in his posture. Madsen and Pitney shuffled along as they had, Pitney seeming to gain strength from the activity. He was talkative, "I can hear them Madsen, moving back where we came, but a good ways off. You can't hear anything with your helmet passives, not while the comms are going, not while your breathing through that mask. But I can hear them quite clearly."

They had stopped at a security door, a less robust version of the containment shields that had turned them back time and again, and waited nervously while Karenga cycled through the plant access codes

she had stored on her pad. "Trust me, if this door is getting any power then-"

With a faint click the door opened to reveal amber-lit halls.

Continuing with a new purpose born of relief they sped though the north labs, following an excited Karenga toward a security station. They moved though corridors lit by emergency lighting now, a dusky orange hue that seemed warmly welcoming after travelling through leagues of ocean green. Without quite realizing it Madsen felt the nascent return of his own natural optimism, and was smiling behind his respirator. "We'll make it out of here Pit," he said, not hearing Pitney's mumbled reply.

At the security post they waited again while Karenga worked her magic, and again the door yielded. Inside was a long room banked with control panels and monitor screens, and Karenga wasted no time settling in at the computers. The door sealed behind them with a faint hiss.

"This is exactly what we needed, from here I can reboot most of the cameras and convince the security grid to pipe its data over. That's the beauty of a redundant system like this, a local station can become the centre of a whole system."

Madsen eased Pitney carefully into a chair, and took his own helmet and respirator off. Iacinni had done the same, and Madsen watched his grim expression as he probed the sallow skin of Marks' neck for a pulse. He turned away, looking over Karenga's shoulder as she worked, taking a vicarious pleasure in her skill and confidence with the computers. He allowed his attention to wander over the room; the clean lines of the consoles, the security cabinet stocked with non-lethals, the blank monitor screens that filled every wall surface in the room-

He was looking directly at the monitors when Karenga finally patched the surveillance data through; he hadn't needed to hear her sharp, shocked intake of breath to know something was wrong. What he saw, on every screen and from every view, in images of every room, hall, and passage of the bio-chem plant, were a thousand teeming Koralon.

New Forces: Junkers

Taurian Howitzer Team

As the war for the Iskandrian neutral zones intensifies, larger weapons are necessary to support the forces being committed in ever-growing numbers by each of the Great Powers. As the Junkers expand into the free city they often use field howitzers to provide support and suppress enemy movements.

Heavy and unwieldy as they are these weapons are manned only by the strongest Gladiators; often Secutors reassigned from other stables, but also those who operated the heavy equipment and gimmick weaponry of the Great Arena. For this reason field howitzer crews are nicknamed Taurians for their bull-like strength.

AS	SH	ST	T	W	CD	SZ	MV	CAL
4	3	4	4	1	4	2	4	0-1

Equipment	Cost			
Gunner Field Howitzer, Combat Blade	CAL 0 26	CAL 1 34	CAL 2 N/A	CAL 3 N/A
Loader (Minimum 1, maximum 3) Combat Blade	CAL 0 13	CAL 1 17	CAL 2 N/A	CAL 3 N/A

Special Rules
Weapon Team

Options
None

New Forces: Viridian

Colonial Marine Bazooka Team

Colonial Marine Bazooka Teams provide essential anti-armour support to their comrades. Equipped with bazooka rocket launchers that can destroy many heavily armoured vehicles or similar targets with a single well-placed shot, their inclusion in any strike force adds greatly to its battlefield capability.

AS	SH	ST	T	W	CD	SZ	MV	CAL
3	4	4	4	1	4	2	4	0-2

Equipment	Cost			
Gunner	CAL 0	CAL 1	CAL 2	CAL 3
Bazooka, Autopistol	21	29	36	N/A
Loader (Minimum 1, maximum 2)	CAL 0	CAL 1	CAL 2	CAL 3
Autopistol	15	20	25	N/A

Special Rules
Weapon Team

Options
None

MILITIA

Militia are armed groups that are drawn from the local populace, and their variety is usually only matched by their mutual dislike. Some militia forces are semi organised paramilitary neighbourhood defence groups, however many others are vigilantes, members of street gangs, enforcers for organised crime, or thuggish malcontents out for some easy loot. Only the very best organised of militia have any kind of recognisable uniform, though many have some kind of group identification, be it armbands, tattoos, badges, clothing style, hairstyle etc.

Militia are invariably equipped with a motley selection of weaponry, ranging from home made explosives, knives and small calibre pistols, through to hunting rifles, shotguns and obsolete military rifles, and even occasionally black market military grade weapons.

Recruiting Militia

Though sector commanders of the regular armed forces often recruit them in large numbers, militia forces are not permitted to operate unsupervised. Their loyalties, motivations and reliability are often viewed as questionable, so they are always integrated with regular forces. When recruiting militia to add to your force the following rules apply.

- Only Junker, VASA and Viridian forces may recruit militia.
- Militia models cost 17 points per model.
- For force creation purposes militia count as CAL 0 troops. You may recruit militia models instead of regular CAL 0 models, even replacing up to half of your forces compulsory models with them.
- Your force cannot contain more militia models than regular ones.
- A militia model cannot be designated as leader.

Abilities and Equipment

Diverse and varied as they are, commanders can never be entirely sure how their militia will perform under fire. Only once the bullets are flying can their effectiveness be judged.

Militia models abilities and equipment are determined randomly immediately prior to the battle. In the presence of your opponent, follow the procedure below to determine each models capabilities.

1. Roll 1d10 and refer to the Militia Type Table to determine the models type.

2. If required, roll 1d10 applying any modifiers specified in the Militia Type Table and refer to the Calibre Table to determine the models CAL.

3. Roll 1d10 and refer to the Equipment Table to determine the models main weapon.

4. Roll 1d10 applying any modifiers specified in the Equipment Table and refer to the Additional Weapon Table to determine whether the model has an additional weapon.

5. Finally refer to the section on Quirks to determine whether the model has any notable quirks.

Militia Type Table

d10 Score	Militia Type	Calibre Roll
1-2	Punk	N/A
3-5	Thug	1d10-1
6-8	Gunman	1d10-1
9-10	Street Warrior	1d10

Calibre Table

d10 Score	Calibre
1-6	0
7-9	1
10	2

Punk

AS	SH	ST	T	W	CD	SZ	MV	CAL
3	3	4	4	1	4	2	4	0

Thug

AS	SH	ST	T	W	CD	SZ	MV	CAL
4	3	4	4	1	4	2	4	0-1

Gunman

AS	SH	ST	T	W	CD	SZ	MV	CAL
3	4	4	4	1	4	2	4	0-1

Street Warrior

AS	SH	ST	T	W	CD	SZ	MV	CAL
4	4	4	4	1	4	2	4	0-2

Equipment Table

d10 Score	Main Weapon	Additional Weapon Roll
1-4	Autopistol	1d10+2
5-6	Riot Shotgun	1d10
7-8	Autorifle	1d10-2
9	Combat Shotgun	1d10-2
10	Gauss Rifle	1d10-2

Additional Weapon Table

d10 Score	Additional Weapon
1-6	None
7-8	Combat Blade
9-10	Hand Grenade (Improvised Firebomb)

Quirks

Composed as they are of a motley group of widely varying, untrained, sometimes unsavoury individuals, it's inevitable that some militia members exhibit quirks and traits that are unlikely to be found in a member of the regular armed forces. To determine if a model has any unusual quirks use the following procedure.

- Roll 1d10, and if the score is 1-7 the model has no noteable quirks. However if the d10 score is 8-10 the model has such a quirk, roll 1d10 and add the models CAL stat to the score, then refer to the Quirks Table.

Quirks Table

d10 Score	Quirk	Special Rules
1	Jumpy	-2 on shock checks
2	Yellow	-2 on morale checks
3	Cautious	-2" on rush moves
4	Hot-headed	Impetuous
5	Crazy	Rampage
6	Psycho	Impetuous,Shock Trooper
7	Brave	High Morale (+2)
8	Cool	+2 on shock checks
9	Martial Artist	Combat Precognition
10	Crack Shot	Marksman

Militia Special Rules

Militia are only willing to fight in conflicts that directly affect their local neighbourhoods or personal livelihoods. They are not soldiers and fight only in defence of their homes, or in order to loot or gain the upper hand over rival groups or gangs.

In addition to any special rules that may apply to a model due to its personal quirks, all militia models have two particular special rules: 'Home Turf' and 'Militia Targeting.

Home Turf

Though militia cannot be relied upon to fill the role of regular soldiers, their familiarity with the local area, and the fact that they're operating on their home turf, sometimes allows them to get the drop on their enemies. The following rule applies.

- When rolling for initiative, forces that contain militia gain a +1 modifier for each 2 surviving militia models in the force. For example a force containing 2 militia models gains +1, a force containing 4 models gains +2 etc.

Militia Targeting

Militia have little or no military training and are relatively poor at assessing enemy threats. They're also liable to have personal scores to settle with members of neighbouring rival gangs and armed groups. If you wish a militia model to override its normal target priority the following modifiers apply to the d10 command check roll.

-4	If the priority target is an enemy militia model.
-2	If the priority target is not an enemy militia model.
+2	If your preferred target is an enemy militia model.

New Special Rule

Combat Precognition

Whether due to years of martial arts training, specialised military training, or artificially boosted senses, some models can anticipate an opponents blows with uncanny accuracy. This almost preternatural ability often enables them to avoid close combat attacks entirely.

When a model with combat precognition is the target of a close combat attack the following rule applies.

· Before the attacking models player makes any d10 to hit rolls, the defending models player should roll 1d10 per attack that the attacking model is entitled to make. For each dice that scores 9+, the attacking model loses a d10 to hit roll, the attack is assumed to have missed completely.

Armoury Additions

Autorifle

Autorifles are the product of old but reliable small arms technology, and are used widely by civilian police and civil defence forces. Indeed, some smaller and poorer worlds still equip their regular armed forces with these weapons. As with autopistols, which are a variant of the same technology, there are a huge number of different models available but all perform similarly. Ammunition types range from old-fashioned brass-cased rounds, to projectiles constructed of the most modern materials.

CC		Short		Medium		Long		Extreme	
To Hit	Dam	To Hit	Dam	To Hit	Dam	To Hit	Dam	To Hit	Dam
-1	4	0	4	0	4	-	-	-	-

Type: 2 handed
Special Rules: None

Bazooka

Bazookas are light man-portable anti-armour rocket launchers that fire high explosive anti-tank rounds. The weapon is basically a long tube, into the rear of which is loaded the rocket. On firing, the rocket is projected from the front of the weapon and its exhaust vents from the rear.

Designed to be effective against armoured vehicles, and firing relatively low velocity projectiles, bazookas are inherently unsuitable for anti-personnel use.

CC		Short		Medium		Long		Extreme	
To Hit	Dam	To Hit	Dam	To Hit	Dam	To Hit	Dam	To Hit	Dam
-	-	-1	6(x2)	-2	6(x2)	-	-	-	-

Type: Light Support Weapon, Armour Piercing 4
Special Rules: None

Field Howitzer

Field howitzers are small man-portable versions of the huge static, wheeled, or self-propelled artillery pieces that are used in support and siege roles. In operation howitzers fire high explosive shells in a high arc, dropping them down on the target from above.

CC		Short		Medium		Long		Extreme	
To Hit	Dam	To Hit	Dam	To Hit	Dam	To Hit	Dam	To Hit	Dam
-	-	-	-	-1	6	-1	6	-2	6

Type: Heavy Support Weapon, Indirect Fire, Ranged Template, Armour Piercing 2
Special Rules: Uses the Large Circular Template.

Hand Grenade (Improvised Firebomb)

Easily constructed from readily available materials, improvised firebombs are commonly used by all manner of rioters, criminals, gangs and vigilantes. They're even used by the occasional hard-pressed military force that is short of supplies. Consisting of a breakable bottle or similar container filled with flammable fluid, and stopped with a twist of rag to act as a wick or fuse, firebombs are dangerous to both the target and user.

CC		Short		Medium		Long		Extreme	
To Hit	Dam	To Hit	Dam	To Hit	Dam	To Hit	Dam	To Hit	D a m
-	-	0	3	-	-	-	-	-	-

Type: Indirect Fire, Ranged Template, Incendiary
Special Rules: Uses the Small Circular Template. Improvised Firebombs are fragile and vulnerable to damage from enemy shooting. Every time the model equipped with them suffers such a hit, irrespective of whether it causes any damage, roll 1d10. On a score of 1 its entire supply of them ignite, killing the model, and showering flaming fuel over anything nearby. Centre the small circular template over the model; any nearby models covered or partially covered take a Dam 3 incendiary hit.

After a firebomb has exploded, or the users supply of them has ignited, the flames continue burning until the fuel has been consumed. Leave the small template in place on the tabletop. Any model that subsequently moves over the template takes a Dam 3 incendiary hit. Remove the template in the marker phase of the following turn.

URBAN WAR BATTLE REPORT.

Chris and Andy take up arms in a fight to the death

1500 hrs
"Which do you want first, the bad news or the really bad news?"
"I thought we had that last week."
"Funny. Intel predicts this sector's next on the Koralon invasion route."
"That was the really bad news, right?"
"'fraid not. We know they're coming, we just don't know where from, and we don't have enough men to cover the whole sector."
"Do we have anything to go on?"
"Not really we, have refugees coming in from Alpha through Romeo sectors. People running and screaming everywhere you look. Charlie's the only quiet one."
"No refugees? No-one fleeing for their lives?"
"Not one."
"Then that's where they're coming from."

2100 hrs
After the chaos of trying to manage refugees for the last three weeks you think a little peace and quiet would be a nice change, but this is too quiet. I try to avoid clichés but the words "as the grave" keep buzzing round my head and won't get out. The whole area is still and peaceful, like a mountainside, just before the whole thing breaks loose and buries the town below. It's almost a relief when the radio flares. "Scouts picking up movement on the south side. There's an old refinery over there. Intel says there's a network of abandoned piping stretching for miles underneath. Let's move out boys."

2140 hrs
The rookies all thought being a sniper was a cushy job. Corporal Terrence "Aces" Jackson knew better. It was boring, exhausting and dangerous. You could wait for days for an opportunity that would be gone in a second, no pressure obviously. But you did get some nice toys to play with. Aces scanned the area, cycling through IR, low light enhancement, UV and even rad count. "Got them, first building on left, lots of heat and movement's off the scale. I'm uploading coordinates now."

2200 hrs
All hell breaks loose.

The Rules

Nice and simple. Viridians vs Koralon. 400pts. First to run away or be wiped out is the loser.

The Forces

Chris - Viridians

I've been playing Viridians for a while now, but fighting Koralon is going to be a very different matter than fighting most of the other factions. I don't have to worry about being picked off at long range but those Phazons mean they could be coming from anywhere. With that in mind I tweaked my regular force into something a little more capable of holding it's own in close combat. Viridians, for the most part are lousy in hand-to-hand, with one glorious exception. Shock Marines are hard as nails and should be more than a match for your average Brood. Bringing them up to CAL 2 gives them the all-important follow-ons so that if the Koralon close in it shouldn't all go their way. Of course if possible I'd rather not get into close combat at all. Special Forces are the happy medium. With additional combat blades they have an even chance if they have to go hand-to-hand while the gauss carbines are great for snap firing at short range.

Now let's talk firepower. This will be my first chance to field-test the new HMG Team. It's got range and it's got punch at short distance. Multiple shots also mean that it's far less vulnerable to rolling ones than my snipers, who appear to be under a curse. Having said that Snipers are capable of moments of brilliance, and get to pick and choose their targets. It would be really nice to take down 100 plus points of Broodmaster before it gets close enough to use that neutron staff.

The core of the force is the trusty Colonial Marine. These guys will get mauled if the Koralon get close but if I can keep them away they should do okay. Finally we need some leadership. I really like Sergeants, that extra point of command has so many uses, and I can really make use of the Tactical Awareness ability so I'm not stuck shooting pesky Skull Swarms while the rest of the horde follows just behind.

The final list is:

4 Cal 0 Colonial Marines	80
1 Cal 1 Sergeant	27
2 Cal 1 Special forces with combat blades	62
HMG team - Cal 1 gunner, Cal 0 loader	53
1 Cal 1 Sniper	51
2 Cal 2 Shock Marines	84
1 Cal 3 Sergeant	41
Total	398 pts

Andy - Koralon

This is what I came up with…

1 Cal 3 Broodmaster with neutron staff and heavy armour	124
1 Cal 2 Larvan Leader with neutron staff	70
1 Cal 2 Phazon	49
1 Cal 1 Brood Leader	30
5 Cal 0 Brood	105
1 Cal 0 Hybrid Breeder w. 8 Skull Swarms	22
Total	400 pts

I chose the Brood because they are powerful in combat. The Brood Leader was there because I needed something to meet the Cal requirements of a Cal 3 Broodmaster, plus I needed some kind of lieutenant for my Brood. The Larvan Leader was there partly for the same reasons as the Brood Leader, and partly because I liked the rules for neutron staffs. The Broodmaster was where over a quarter of my points were sunk and I had high hopes for him / her / it. The Phazon and Hybrid Breeder with its Skull Swarms were part of my master plan, which will be unveiled in my strategy section.

Strategy

Viridians

Koralon are primarily close combat troops, which means what I want to do is shoot them. Priority goes to eliminating the Broodmaster and Larvan Leader before they get close enough to use those neutron staffs and tear up half my force in a turn. My Shock Marines and Special Forces need to be in the front line as they have the best chance in close combat against the Koralon if they do get close enough. If they get in amongst my Colonial Marines there's only one way that it's gonna go, so avoid at all costs. The wild card in all of this is going to be the Phazon. I can never be sure where the attack is going to come from, so I need to keep things flexible.

Koralon

My strategy was very simple, after consultation with Mr Grant (the author of the rules) I learned the need for a Phazon. Teleportation was how to get my army where it needed to be and still alive. So the plan formed, hide my entire army like a coward, send the Skull Swarms forward, and when they came in range of Chris's Viridians, portal in some serious close combat pain. This is how it panned out…

TURN 2

Deployment.

Viridians

Usually I tend to deploy my basic troops first, so I can keep my opponent guessing where the Sniper's going to be aiming at. This time I broke my own rules, as the terrain made for fairly obvious avenues of approach. It was also clear early on what Andy's strategy was going to be, and I had plans of my own for the Sniper. No cat and mouse this time, instead I placed the HMG and Sniper early on and built my defence around them. The HMG Team went on the left flank. If Andy wanted to come down that street he was going to have to pay for it. This did mean that it wouldn't be in position to cover the centre but I figured if it didn't fire a shot but prevented me from getting outflanked then it was still worth the points. The Sniper would climb the tower in the centre. Then a Shock Marine would guard the ladder and I should be able to merrily pick people off as needed. The Colonial Marines were positioned to cover as many approaches as possible while the Special Forces and remaining Shock Marine were put in place to intercept any charges. The Sergeants would act as my reserve and were placed at the back, ready to go where needed.

Koralon

Unlike normal deployment procedure of weakest and most plentiful forces first, I started with my Phazon, it would need to be central to my forces so that the teleports could be efficient. So I stuck it in a building, and began arraying my forces around it. The beauty of the building was that it shielded me from the ministrations of Chris's HMG Team, his Snipers and the rest of his army. Once all but the Breeder were deployed, I placed the it in the doorway of the building and waited for Chris to finish his deployment. Skulls Swarms in hand I waited for the first turn so I could deploy them in front of the Breeder and let my plan get underway.

Turn 1

"Marines, spread out!"

To begin with there was nothing from the Koralon who remained concealed in the bunker. The Viridians took advantage of the lull to gain better firing positions. A Sgt. spread out onto the right flank while on the left the Special Forces and Shock Marines moved up, ready to counter a rush up the deserted street. The Sniper and another Marine moved to the base of a tower, ready to scale the ladder next turn, while the other Shock Marine moved forward to ensure it wouldn't be assaulted easily.

Finally there was movement from the Koralon. From the shadows a half-glimpsed monstrosity gave a shriek that rent the air and a wave of tiny demented skittering things surged out. The HMG Team sighted them first and a group were annihilated by a hail of bullets.

TURN 3

Turn 2

"There's thousands of those things, we could be here all day. Let's try and cut them off at the source."

With the road clear for the time being it was time to deal with new threats. Force commander Catherine Riley took one of the Special Forces and a plucky Colonial Marine advanced up the left flank. In the centre the Sniper and another Colonial scaled the tower and moved into firing position. The HMG Team abandoned their position, fearing the bulk of the Koralon force could be portalled into the centre at any moment. Only then did another Skull Swarm scuttle down the roadway where the other had been moments ago. Back in the centre the other swarms advanced behind cover. Sgt. Matt Dexter had been waiting to stop them but underestimated the speed they could move and failed to get a shot off in time.

Turn 3

The Skull Swarms were closing fast, not a major threat in itself but where there's one Koralon, there's always a chance more will show up very, very soon.

Special Forces agent Cassandra Maddock fought back a wave of nausea as the things surged towards her. She pumped round after round into the advancing wave, trying to ignore the feeling there was something hauntingly familiar about a few of the faces. She only released the trigger once they all stopped moving.

Shock Marine Gregor Andrev had faced Koralon on two worlds and lost many friends, his closest when a massive Larvan had materialised right behind him. There was no way he was going to let that happen again. The particle smasher on a negatron shield can disintegrate bullets. He kicked the gain to max and dived shield first into the approaching mass.

The final Skull Swarm advanced up the road but the Viridians were ready and a burst from a gauss carbine ended the first wave.

On the tower the Sniper attempted to end the matter by taking out the Breeder but the shot ricocheted harmlessly from a wall.

"Okay, blow this for a game of soldiers. New plan boys. We're going in."

The Viridians had a change of plan. If they could hold the entrance ramp then I could line my Marines up along the higher ground and pick off the Koralon like shooting fish in a barrel.

The remaining Marines moved forward apart from the HMG team and Shock Marine escort who returned to cover the left flank once more.

TURN 4

The Phazon portals the rest of her force into the middle of the Viridians

Things look grim for the Viridians

Turn 4

The Sniper aimed another shot at the Breeder, but missed once again! Another wave of Skull Swarms were created and the cycle began again.

Sgt Catherine Riley (Cal 3) made it to the top of a tower just in time to see things go wrong. There was a shimmering in the air and a noise like, say the fabric of reality being torn apart. Then the Koralon were among them. Catherine barely had time to think that nothing without legs had any right to move that fast. But the horror of the Brood was dwarfed by the massive thing that emerged next. The worst thing was not the scything arms, that could tear a man apart, nor the terrible staff that seemed to have a life of it's own, but the inhuman face that nevertheless seemed to break into a knowing grin.

The Marines were caught in disarray by the speed of the charge. A few had time to fire a few rounds but most merely chipped the diamond hard shields. One of the brood took a round in the head and went down but it was not enough. Not nearly enough. Now the Koralon were in among the Marines and the carnage would begin.

The Viridians crumble under the might of the Korlaon onslaught

A lone sergeant faces down the horde

TURN 5

A Shock marine avenges his fallen comrades

The Broodmaster lets “rip” with his neutron staff

Casualties are heavy on both sides

Turn 5

Gregor found himself facing a vicious looking Larvan, he readied his negatron shield for a blast from the Neutron staff, which never came. The Larvan lunged forward instead, perhaps wishing to test itself against a worthy opponent. So be it. It would soon learn the folly of taking on a shock marine. The combat was vicious, both exchanged three rounds of blows with neither gaining the upper hand.

The Sniper lined up the massive Broodmaster in his sights but as he squeezed the trigger his aim slipped. This was most definitely not going to be his day.

The Brood Leader ploughed into one of the Special Forces, twin combat blades plunging into his body. With barely a pause it streaked on to slice the throat of a Colonial Marine before he could react.

Sgt Riley scrambled into position. "You won't get any more you scum!" The Brood Leader fell, as she pumped shot after shot into its back.

Back on the right flank Sgt Matt Dexter opened fire on an advancing Brood. Aiming under the shield he cut away it's lower body just inches before it got within range, but there was another one on top of him within seconds. Somehow his armour protected him from the first blow and he just had time to draw his autopistol before the next.

The fighting in the centre was fierce and the casualties were heavy. Two more marines fell to the Brood and another Shock Marine's negatron shield was unable to save him from the Broodmaster's deadly neutron staff, with only one more Brood being claimed by a Special Forces gauss carbine.

TURN 6

Turn 6

Sgt Riley turned, intending to take out the Broodmaster before it could do anymore damage. At least, that was the plan. The first burst went wide and was followed by her least favourite sound in the universe, an empty clicking noise. "Damn. Lousy time to run out of bullets."

The Broodmaster turned, and grinned that infernal grin again. The neutron staff blazed an arc of devastation in the night sky, taking down both Sgt Riley and the Sniper.

As the only remaining Sgt, Matt realised he was now in charge, if he could stay alive long enough. He dodged a whirling coraline blade and fired a quick shot, which wasn't enough to finish his foe. He wasn't going to last much longer at this rate. He jumped back, hoping there was just enough time to shoot before the Koralon was on him again.

The Larvan Leader and Shock Marine continued their whirling dance of death. Gregor was pushed back under a rain of blows, but the negatron shield just held. "You hear that?" He said as the Leader prepared a final devastating blow. "Must be a fat lady singing for you." He parried the strike with his vibroscythe, and then turned the blade to slice the Larvan cleanly in two. "It's over."

Finally back in firing position the HMG Team opened up again, killing one more of the Brood. Half of both forces had now been slain. Would it be enough?

0300 hrs

The survivors of the shattered Viridian strike force make it back to base. They reported that the Koralon had secured the refinery and had gained access to the sector through the extensive underground pipe network. Arrangements were made to evacuate the sector. One survivor was quoted as saying. "They may have won this one but we fight to defend our homes and our families and we're not done yet. Next time will be different. Now we have a score to settle."

Conclusions

Chris

I don't believe it. Another one goes to the final withdrawal check and Andy gets it again. Although I have to say if it had gone to the death the position wasn't looking good for the Viridians. The Broodmaster is just a monster, though there was a chance if either the Shock Marine or the HMG team got lucky.

Still, there's a lot to be learned from this one. Firstly my Snipers really are cursed. Broodmaster, close range, even on snap fire that's still good for a +3. Oh look it's a one. The worst part is I'm not even surprised anymore. One decent shot then would have made all the difference. I'm considering phasing out Snipers in favour of HMG's. Two shots make for much less of a gamble.

CONCLUSION

Early on Andy's tactics, although registering dangerously high on the cheese-o-meter, were giving me serious difficulties. The only things moving were the Skull Swarms, beginning at ten activations in, meaning that by the time they came in sight I didn't have a lot left to shoot with. I know, I know, that's what overwatch is for. Hindsight is a marvellous thing. I'd been trying to avoid it, as the odds of hitting and killing are low enough as it is, but next time will be different.

Thirdly, never underestimate the speed that Koralon can attack at. One minute they're miles away the next they're right in my face.

Finally, and most importantly, never change a plan half way through. I really should have known better but impatience and overconfidence are a lethal combination. If I'd stayed put I would at least have had all my troops in a decent position when the Koralon arrived, thirty or so turns later. I was particularly embarrassed by my left flank, where the HMG team and friends spent two thirds of the game changing positions back and forth.

Andy

Chris and I have a long running (but friendly) feud. In my first game of Urban War we drew, then there were victories on both sides, and a good few draws, because of my sound defeat last time, we were neck and neck again, with two wins each and a pair of draws between us. Once again it was on the wire, both of us vying for fame and glory with a victory over our nemesis, especially in print.

My plan did not work out quite as well as I had hoped. It took a lot longer than I had expected to get my Skull Swarms forward, I forgot during the choosing of my force, that while they were free, and very fast, they were also absolutely pants, so naturally they died a lot. Eventually I got tired of throwing meat (or walking skulls) into the grinder; I get the feeling that my Koralon must have been getting bored of standing around in a windowless shack as well, so I opened a portal ahead of schedule. I got lucky on the Cal rolls for extra portaling distance and managed to get the entirety of my force through close enough for an instantaneous assault next turn. After that the next few turns were quite frantic, until it came down to command checks for victory, Hermes was the god of the ancient times credited with control over dice, and he must have been smiling on me this time, as when we had but a handful of models left on the table, the dice came up in my favour, putting me ahead of Chris once more.

The Koralon played well, but they really need to be in combat to be effective, unless you are playing a very cluttered battlefield, or maybe a custom board composed of tunnels, or perhaps some custom night fighting rules, you are going to need a Phazon to ensure the safety of your army's journey into close combat; and the Brood Master, worth every point and pound I paid for him.

Urban War Leagues

By: Bill Ward, Knut Heykena, Torsten Kock, Sébastien Romaire-Denizet and Pascal Saradjian
Thanks to: Ron Senior, Phil Walling and Thorsten Stein

There are many ways to add spice to a group's Urban War gaming sessions, from using new rules and new armies, trying special scenarios, or even running full blown campaigns. League play is another option, one that is flexible enough to work in conjunction with special rules or scenarios as well as a simple way to enhance regular pick-up style games played with standard rules and forces.

Leagues are a way of keeping score, of tracking the progress of players in a group over time and arriving at a ranking in much the same way as tournament play. However, unlike tournaments, leagues aren't limited to the events of a single day, and allow players to play many games against many opponents over a period of months, with no fear of ever being eliminated, and with fewer restrictions on army lists, scenarios, and points costs. By investing regular games with importance in this way but allowing players the freedom to choose the when, where, and how of their games leagues offer the best aspects of competitive and free play, and add an extra element of continuity to a groups gaming experience.

Starting a League

Any group of gamers can start their own League, though we recommend no fewer than four players. In addition to players every League needs a Manager, a person who agrees to organize the League, keep records, and coordinate gaming sessions with the players. There is no reason why the Manager cannot also be a player, as all scores and League statistics are a matter of public record in an Urban War League.

Before a League begins the Manager must compile a list, or 'roster' of players, and those players must commit to an Urban War Faction for the duration of the League. This roster also functions as a score sheet, where League standings are updated and points totalled at the end of a gaming season. In larger leagues such as those run in larger clubs and game stores where all players may not already know each other, players can consult this roster along with the Manager, in order to coordinate games with unfamiliar opponents. For these larger venue Leagues only 'public' games held at the official League location, the club or game store, should count toward League scores.

The Manager

The Manager is generally the host of a League, whether the organizer of a club, owner of a store, or just the guy with the nice game room. As Manager he needs to recruit players at the start of the League, and make sure they sign the league roster. The number of interested players a Manager recruits may determine the length of the League, though we recommend an average of two months. During the League he ensures that all scores are reported accurately, and helps players find opponents. For larger Leagues the Manager is often the one who provides table space, terrain, gaming aids, any special materials that may be required either by the League (rosters, score sheets) or by scenarios, and, when appropriate, the League prizes.

The Players

The League, of course, is a collection of players, all competing for the top spot in the League rankings. Each player must register for the League in advance, and must announce which faction he will be playing in the League. A Player cannot receive points unless both he and his opponent are registered in the League. Registration is important! Managers need to know how many participants they can expect so they can plan in advance things like the amount of table space and terrain they need to provide, as well as the League's duration.

Those players who arrive late to the League face a serious disadvantage and if the League is already a few weeks old they may be better off waiting for the next one. However, Managers may still wish to admit a new player into an existing League that has just begun, and in that case it is recommended that they grant the new player League Points equal to those of the lowest ranked player in the League. However, the new player must earn an equal amount of points as those granted him upon entrance into the League during the course of normal play, if he does not (as in the case of someone that signs up for the League but does not participate) his starting points are revoked. This ensures a new player cannot score a tie with an existing player merely by showing up late. Late players are admitted solely at the manager's discretion.

Factions and Armies

Those players in love with more than one faction and who like to switch their forces from game to game may object to the requirement that they commit to a single Urban War army, but there are good reasons for this requirement. First, some factions possess troops and techniques particularly effective against certain enemies, or of use in certain scenarios, and this allows a player to choose specific armies for use against specific opponents. In the competitive environment of the League this gives an unfair advantage to the player who has collected many forces. But an even better reason to limit players to a specific faction is because it is more fun! Not only will players find themselves using their armies in new ways and in new situations they may never have foreseen, thus honing their skills with a certain army and becoming better players in the process, but as a League unfolds a kind of story will evolve, players will come to be identified with their factions, and the sense of continuity this creates will soon have League members warring to determine the fate of great empires, Viridia and VASA, Syntha and Junker, as well as the insidious Koralon, instead of merely pursuing an afternoon's transient glory.

However there are no restrictions on a player's army lists (aside from the regular restrictions for legal armies), he may stick with the same list or change it from game to game. This does allow the player accustomed to tailoring his force for a particular opponent or scenario some leeway, as well as letting players participate in the fun of the army designing meta-game, that all important decision making process that goes on whenever a gamer decides to tweak the components of his force to come up with the best possible combination.

League Games

League Games may be of any kind, scenario or points based free play, and players are encouraged to try new scenarios as they are released in Urban War magazine, and to experiment with games of various points limits. However, League games must be over 200 points to be considered legal, that is, each player must field an army totalling 200 points or more. There is no maximum points limit for games of this type, but the minimums are in place to avoid players electing to play many extremely small games in a short period to boost their score. Furthermore, in regards to scenario gaming, we strongly recommend only official Urban War scenarios, found every month in this magazine, be used when playing scenarios in order to ensure balanced games and minimize confusion and disagreements. Player designed scenarios of course can be quite good, but as they are not 'official' those gamers who do poorly in such scenarios may argue that they are imbalanced, and this could be a problem in a League atmosphere. The Manager has the final ruling on which scenarios are allowed in the League.

How Leagues Work

You've got the Manager and a place to play, the players and their armies, even photocopied your roster sheet and score cards: how do you put it all together?

Every game played between two League members at a designated League venue (club, store, etc.) counts for League Points. The Urban War League operates on a simple 5/3/1 points scale for wins/draws/and losses, and at the end of the game a player simply records the outcome on the roster sheet, keeping a running total of wins, draws, and losses to be totalled at the end of the League season. For big venue Leagues the players should hand their information in together to the League Manager, whose task it is to maintain the League roster and score sheet. It's that simple, at the end of the League season, the player's are ranked according to their overall League Points score.

There are restrictions on the total number of games a player can play that count towards their League total, as well as restrictions on the number of times they may play the same opponent. For each League month a player may only record twenty games toward his League total, and may only play the same opponent four times, thus a League of any length can be designed by using monthly blocks of this sort; for example a player in a two month League may record up to forty games and may play each opponent up to eight times over the course of the entire two months League. Please note, maximum games are not restricted to a specific month, rather they are spread over the entire League. To continue our example of a two month League (40 games, 8 games max per opponent) a player might play the same opponent all eight times in the first week, and play twenty-five games before the first month is up because the maximums exist for the League overall, not the specific month. Think of the months as building blocks for the League. Please note: players are not allowed to play more than the maximum

number of games for the League and simply pick their best scores; League games are always declared before play begins and both players agree to abide by, and record, the results of the game. Record the results of a day's gaming on a scorecard and hand it in to the Manager the same day.

At the end of the League a player's total victories, draws, and losses are consulted from the roster sheet and points are awarded at a 5/3/1 ratio. This total determines the players overall standing in the League. In the event of a tie Managers should calculate the player's winning percentage (number of wins divided by total number of games played) and award the higher ranking to the player with the best percentage. Should two players still face a tie a Manager has the option of declaring both equal winners, or allowing them to engage in a play off match to determine their ranking.

Once the winner and runners up are decided (and any gloating, boasting, and declarations of invincibility have been made), the League is officially over. The winner can bathe in glory and the vanquished can plot revenge in the next League! If the league was run in a game store or club the Manager may very well have decided to award prizes to the winner and runners up, and even if your league is run between a group of friends, you may decide that everyone who registers for the league should deposit a small sum with the manager to provide a prize for the winner. Even a pizza and a soft drink taste better when you know that beaten league rivals paid for them!

League Play Summary

- Players must sign up at the beginning of a League and choose a faction, this faction cannot be changed during the course of the League. Players may build new army lists for each match if they like.

- All games have a 200 point minimum. Victory conditions are up to the players, official scenarios may be used.

- Each League has a maximum number of games that may be played by each player: the maximum is determined by multiplying the number of months the League operates by 20.

- During the course of each League a player may only play each opponent a maximum number of times: this maximum is determined by multiplying the number of months the League operates by 4.

- All League results are recorded at the end of a gaming session and given to the Manager to record on the roster. At the end of the League the number of wins, draws, and losses are used to determine the League Points of a player. League Points are awarded in a 5/3/1 ratio to wins/draws/losses.

- In the event of a tie between players' League rankings the higher winning percentage wins. If two players are still tied the Manager decides whether a play-off game is necessary.

The Spirit of the Game

Whenever groups of gamers get together to play the talk turns to tales of great victories and narrow defeats, cunning plans and inspired army design, protestations of bad luck and declarations of genius; the normal chatter of friendly competition. While most players tend to keep mental notes on their own success relative to that of their friends, there is usually little need to chart the ebb and flow of their battlefield exploits as each game is played in isolation.

While league play adds a more competitive dimension to gaming, and makes every game count for more than just an afternoon's entertainment, players should never lose sight of the spirit of the game as they embark on the League season. Remember that gaming is most fun when everyone is satisfied, and if taking it easy on a new player, allowing the benefit of the doubt to your opponent, or quickly arriving at an agreement over a situation rather than arguing the letter of the rules makes the game more enjoyable for all involved then consider that behaviour your duty as a responsible player. Leagues are meant to be fun competition, but competitions are only fun so long as gamers maintain a sense of proportion and fair play.

URBAN WAR LEAGUE ROSTER

Start Date: _____ End Date: _____

Player Name	Faction	Win/Draw/Loss			TotalGames	TotalScore	Rank

The player column should be numbered, and each player should remember his number in order to make it easier to track games played versus specific opponents.

Players may not play the same opponent more than (4 x the number of months) times.

Players may not record more than (20 x the number of months) games.

The player keeps a running total of his game results in the Win/Draw/Loss columns, and totals these at the end of the League to arrive at total games played. Points are awarded to each Win, Draw, and Loss at the ratio of 5/3/1, and the results totalled and recorded in the Total Score column.

Ties are broken by calculating winning percentage; divide the number of wins by Total Games to arrive at the result.

Ranks are assigned as numbers; the highest score is 1, the next 2, and so on.

URBAN WAR LEAGUE SCORE CARDS

Players: _____ _____ Number of Games Played:_____ Results: _____ _____ _____ _____ Signatures: _____ _____	Players: _____ _____ Number of Games Played:_____ Results: _____ _____ _____ _____ Signatures: _____ _____
Players: _____ _____ Number of Games Played:_____ Results: _____ _____ _____ _____ Signatures: _____ _____	Players: _____ _____ Number of Games Played:_____ Results: _____ _____ _____ _____ Signatures: _____ _____
Players: _____ _____ Number of Games Played:_____ Results: _____ _____ _____ _____ Signatures: _____ _____	Players: _____ _____ Number of Games Played:_____ Results: _____ _____ _____ _____ Signatures: _____ _____

Use these cards to record the number of games and their results for a pair of opponents. These cards should be signed by both players and given to the League Manager.

Painting Koralon: The Brood

In this article we have followed the Adrian Smith's original concept art. The primary colour of this Brood is a pale blue-green. As with the Phazon from the last issue you can, however, paint your Brood in a variety of colours such as dark blue, dark red or even purple. Simply use your chosen colour instead of the grey-green and follow the article. If you have any ideas on how to paint your Koralon please send them in either to the address on the back of the magazine or e-mail them to submissions@urbanmammoth.com.

Stage One

After removing the mould lines with a needle file and a sharp knife, the miniature was super glued to its base and sprayed black. The best idea is to leave the figure overnight to dry properly ready to paint the next day. Any areas that are missed can be touched up with regular black paint from the tub. Block paint the skin in a dark blue-green, the teeth and spikes dark brown, tubes bright orange and the chest a mid brown.

Stage Two

Layer up the skin areas in a thin wash of blue-green and the chest with orange. Highlight the teeth and spikes with a mid brow. Leave the tubes at this stage.

Stage Three

Highlight the muscles with blue-green leaving the recesses dark. Highlight the teeth and spikes with light brown. Highlight all the orange areas with yellow, including the chest area.

Stage Four

Highlight the raised areas of the skin further with a greener mix of the blue-green. Highlight the teeth and spikes further by adding white to the light brown mix. Add a little white to the yellow and highlight the tubes and chest area.

Stage Five

Add white to the blue-green mix and finally highlight the raised skin areas. The teeth and spikes are given a final highlight with a very pale brown, almost white. All yellow areas were finally built up with a mix of yellow with white.
Paint the inside base with PVA glue and sprinkle basing gravel/sand on it. When dry, about 20 minutes, knock off excess and block paint dark brown. Dry brush base with light brown. Add some blobs of PVA glue and attach some patches of static grass. To finish, touch up the sides of the base with a couple of coats of black.

Now where's that portal?

Stage1

Stage 2

Stage 3

Stage 4

Stage 5

an Honoured Guest

They waited in an abandoned nightclub, a large empty space fronted by a holostage, beneath a ceiling crisscrossed with projection nodes; a tangle of articulated beams and fiberoptics lurking in the shadows above. Yamada's men sat at the bar, nervous energy from time to time compelling a few to pace the dance floor where their ringing footsteps rebounded from distant walls, reinforcing for Avicea the feeling of being very small in the midst of unguessable vastness.

She was on the floor, back to the bar, arms crossed behind her, constrictor-cuffed at the wrists. She tried to imagine what she might look like now, after the light interrogation Yamada's Sumotori had administered; an almost gentle beating that seemed more of a formality than a real try for information. They had alluded to some infallible means of questioning, something she could look forward to back at their safe house, and Avicea only smiled and cursed them through broken teeth as the two fat men took turns slapping her, open-palmed. It had been like bouncing face-first between two walls.

Still it was a kind of relief, Avicea had to admit; to have all the weight of decision, all the fear of uncertainty that had practically paralysed her just this morning, to have all of it removed, simplified, distilled into the most basic of equations, prisoner and captor, victim and tormentor; the powerless in the hands of the all-powerful. It appealed to something fatalistic at her core, and she no longer cared for her own life, nor duty in regards to her maniple, or even her great success, that thing which would win her promotion, renown, even riches, that polished silver capsule she had left behind in the hands of a dead man-

Hands lifted her from the floor; men spoke harshly to her in a language she did not understand. Of all the Triads only their boss, or oyaban as they called him, Yamada, had bothered to speak to her in Karian, though she knew full well they all spoke it. She stumbled to her feet and lashed the nearest retainer with an shocking expletive, a richly vulgar Junker idiom of a personal nature, and was rewarded with a punch to her midsection that made her buckle. She lacked the breath to laugh, but grinned at the retainers: they understood her all right, she had reminded them that they weren't as damned special or strange as they liked to pretend.

"Enough, our little bank robber is not for playing." Yamada, flanked by his twin Sumotori guard, stood by the entrance to the club. Avicea could see that the retainers he had sent to scout the way ahead had returned. They were the same troops Yamada had sent this afternoon to look for the rest of her maniple but they had come back with nothing, no capsule, and no indication they had found where Avicea had been staying. She doubted this meant they believed her story, that the Syntha had destroyed her maniple and she had been alone for a week, but Yamada seemed disinclined to press the issue: he was oddly pleased just to have her as a prisoner.

They were preparing to move out now, about fifteen of them including Yamada and his guards, and the grim faced trio of hatamoto that swaggered amidst the retainers like princes among peasants. Avicea was impressed by their quiet discipline, and watching them pack their few belongings and remove traces of their presence she felt a bit of envy; they never got in each other's way, never quarrelled. She had considered it something of a miracle if her own maniple had broke camp without her having to stop a fight.

Boss Yamada walked slowly to where Avicea stood, all the time watching his gang's activities with a guarded eye, not so much concerned with efficiency as watchful of…what? Potential threats? Avicea had quickly come to regard Yamada as something of a riddle, he was openly distrustful of his subordinates, never closer than three or four meters to anyone other than his bodyguard, and those he usually stood behind, placing them between him and those he addressed; treating even, Avicea gathered, members of his own family in this way. This sort of paranoia seemed cowardice to Avicea, and she was surprised to find it amongst the Triads, who had a reputation for suicidal courage, and even more surprised when she saw the deference and apparent respect with which these retainers treated their oyaban.

"Come along my brave bandit, we won't dare take the bridge as its absolutely packed with friends of yours." Yamada smiled at her sudden reaction and continued, pleasantly, "I knew there was a spark left in there, good; we'll need that to get the most out of you. If Fukugawa is willing to give me everything from Suborland Street to Kander's Watch in exchange for you then you must be worth three times that. I bet you like the thought of that, yes? That's a lot of scrip for a chewed up piece of leather like you, hmmm?" Yamada laughed, pudgy face glowing.

Outside it was middle dark, the twilight haze lent by distant Helios to summer evenings. They moved slowly along the edge of a vacant street, keeping to the

shadows; Yamada's men carefully scouting ahead and consulting motion sensors and other devices Avicea did not recognize. She chanced to question Yamada about their course, and he proved as expansive as always:

"It really is a mess here. East of the bridge is better, over there its only you Junks we have to worry about, see. Your people just can't leave anything alone for long can they? Not like the Syntha, they're predictable; we work around them. Razor Lotus has holdings on both sides of the bridge you know, we're the only clan in Five South that had the balls to move in on the Eight East, long time ago. My grandfather's day, back when the Neon Cranes made a bid for Five South. But you wouldn't know about that, yes? Now, with Syntha pouring into this area, and even those bumbling Viridians parking whole armies to the north, it's not safe to walk the streets at night! But, " he added with conspiratorial wink, "really it's the Wind Ringing Bell scouts we're watching for, Fukugawa's eyes are everywhere."

They had entered a second-hand electronics store and, after passing through its back office and a short, secret corridor, found themselves in a raw materials storage sleeve for a textile autofabricator. Yamada waved a card like a credit chip over a blank spot in the wall and a hairline crack appeared. One of his Hatamoto stepped forward to push against it and a door swung inwards, triggering a flickering luminescence that showed a narrow tunnel.

Before Avicea could react one of Yamada's Sumo guards had her arms in an iron grip, and Yamada himself was behind her, the sudden flash of steel in his hand. With relief she felt her wrists part, the hot flesh instantly cold. "There's a bit of a climb at the end of this corridor, you'll need your hands. I doubt you'll go anywhere with Koga watching you."

Yamada's smiling face reflected the alien radiance of the portal, winking good-naturedly just as a wave of gravitic energy erased him from existence. In the same instant Avicea felt the mountain of flesh behind her tense, and Koga's head struck her in the shoulder before bouncing to the floor. Then the screaming began.

Get Infested

The Koralon in Urban War

By Christian Sulzer
Force List used: Urban War Issue 2

Pain, sweet pain. The Coraline is working in my organism. It is so cold. I can feel it; the shaking of my hands is only the beginning. I am hallucinating, my mind swarming with visions of the great future. Koralon swarming in the streets of Iskandria, not a single living human soul anywhere. Only us! Only the great Koralon civilisation.

I became infested some weeks ago at the Salute 2005 show in London, when the Koralon first made contact with the other forces on Kyklops. Since then the Koralon have taken over my mind; I am now a part of them. The Koralon are something new in the world of Urban War, something powerful. There is nothing to compare them with. That is good, because they are the aliens in Urban War.

Building a Koralon Army

If you choose to play Koralon you must know what your strengths and weaknesses are, and what to watch out for. Close combat is the area in which you excel. Forget about ranged combat - even those creatures in your army that can shoot can only do so effectively at close range. Therefore, your main goal will be to get them into hand to hand combat with the enemy as fast as you can, and keep them there. Every turn you spend under fire is a lost turn for you, and a turn where your opponent will have the advantage over you. If you reach close combat too late, there is either not enough of your force left to win, or not enough time to fulfil your objective. But fear not - the Koralon have one unique thing which can win the day: Phazons and their portals. With them, you can get your force quickly into close combat without risking open ground and enemy fire. Along with the Phazon, your main asset remains your strength in close combat; there are few models that will survive the massive assault of a Koralon army.

In the rest of this article, I will go through every troop type discussing their respective strengths and weaknesses.

Purestrains

These are the actual Koralon. Your Purestrains will provide the main strike force in any Koralon army. Their grunts are made for pure close combat, while their support models have a few nasty tricks up their sleeve.

Brood

The Brood are your lowest caste of Purestrains, their good assault skill and high movement making them prime close combat fighters. With their movement of 4" and their "Fast" special rule, they can move up to 10" on lock-fire. Their Camouflage rule (and the possibility to replace it with Stealth) allows them to advance quite safely. They are also hard to kill with their toughness of 5 and shield, giving them an effective toughness of 6 - making them tougher than even a Greater Pit Beast.

These should be the first of your troops to engage enemies, simply because they can survive most strike backs. Their assault skill of 5 makes them harder to hit than the average model. If you choose CAL 1 Broods, then these can be assigned as first line assault troops that can cause a lot of damage with a possible second activation.

Brood Leader

The Brood Leader has to be handled with a little more care since he is lacking the shield of the Brood, and because he is a more valuable target for the enemy. For the Brood Leader the Stealth skill is a good choice, for it saves him from being shot at all but short range. His High Morale (+1) makes him more reliable than ordinary Brood. The second Coraline Blade gives him greater punch, allowing him to cause more damage than the Brood. With at least CAL 1 I use the Brood Leader either to solve problems in existing close combats where the enemy already fought back, or I use the second activation to catch some enemies which my opponent has held back.

Larvan

These are my favourite Koralon. They are awesome close combat fighters. Assault 6, Strength 5, Toughness 6, Command 5, at least CAL 1 and two

Coraline Blades - a bargain at only 30 points. What more could you ask for? There really isn't much to say about them - in close combat, they can destroy nearly everything and are hard to kill themselves. Their Strike First special rule makes them very likely to win the initiative and kill their opponent before the enemy even has a chance to fight back.

Larvan Leader

Personally, I do favour the normal Larvans, but the Leader has something special: the Neutron Staff. It has armour penetration 2, and what's more, the Larvan Leader actually knows how to use it. His shooting skill of 4 is average, but with three shots at damage 5 he can cause a lot of damage at close range. This makes the Larvan Leader handy for those situations where there's simply no enemy in charging range, or for picking off model that hide out of reach of your close combat troops, e.g. on different levels or behind cover or fortifications. So don't ever underestimate his strength and value on the battlefield.

Broodmaster

The Broodmaster is even more powerful then the Larvans. It is the strongest model available to the Koralon force. Fluff-wise, he's one of the leaders of the Koralon horde, but stat-wise, he's more like a battering-ram. Surpassing even the Larvans in Strength, having a second wound, Heavy Armour (0) (which I would always upgrade to Heavy Armour (+1)) and Lethal Strike (x1), he can smash every enemy, is hard to kill, and excels as a tank-hunter. His drawbacks are his huge size, and the fact that he isn't exactly the fastest model in the Koralon horde. However, with a CD of 5 and High Morale (+2), he is a model that you can rely on. Additionally, his Hybrid Control skill is a very useful, especially in the heat of a confusing close combat. The only other model with this skill is the Phazon, but a Phazon should normally not be in the midst of bloody slaughter. This is the situation where the Broodmaster comes in and takes control.

Broodmasters come in two different loadouts. The first is geared towards pure close combat, and the second, with its ranged capabilities, is more suitable for a variety of roles. I prefer the first one, because I don't want my Broodmasters wasting their time shooting at enemies - I want them where they belong, face to face with an enemy. The second loadout is also more expensive; still, it has its uses. As with the Larvan

Leader, a Loadout II Broodmaster can use his ranged attacks in situations where hand-to-hand combat is not possible. Since a Broodmaster comes as either CAL 2 or CAL 3 and can possibly shoot four times with three shots, that's a total of 12 shots in one round. I think I don't need to tell you more about the efficiency of higher CAL models.

Phazon

The Phazon is the most sensitive part of your army, and difficult to use effectively - but if you use him wisely, he can win you the battle. The unique ability to create Warp Portals is the best thing about the Phazon. While the Phazon is a decent fighter in close combat, I prefer to keep him out of trouble if possible, using him only for the Portals to support the advance of my main strike force. CAL 2 is usually enough for a Phazon since this gives you possibly three shots at opening a portal with Command 5. For the portals you need a Phazon and two Koralon. Since you do not need line of sight you can keep you Phazon way back in cover. Then you open the entrance within 3" of the first Koralon and the exit somewhere else on the table within 3" of a second Koralon. All models which haven't taken their turn until now can then move through these portals when activated, and, provided they've been given the right order, even attack through it. I'll go into the specifics of Portal tactics later in the tactics section. Keep the following in mind, though: your opponents know about the strengths of the Phazon, and how he can be a game-winning piece. Therefore, they will try everything to take your Phazon out as soon as possible. So always keep en eye on your Phazon, and do your best to keep it alive.

Hybrids

Hybrids are not real Koralon, they are creatures that have been twisted and mutated by the Koralon and coraline spores. Even if they are not as powerful as the Purestrains, they fulfil a valuable role on the battlefield. Some use them only as cannon fodder, others assign them more important roles. They are cheap and dispensable so don't feel too sad about losing one, or two, or a dozen Hybrids. Their major drawback is that you can only get them as CAL 0, and that some are impetuous to boot.

Reaper

Like all Hybrids, Reapers are cheap. Their major drawback is the "Impetuous" special rule, combined with a command value of only 2. Thus, Reapers will run at anything they see, even if it is the Barrel of a HMG pointing at them. But if they survive despite their own stupidity, they can make good use of their shock trooper special ability, getting +1 on to hit and damage on a charge. I use them to attack through portals whenever possible. Even in a direct assault, they are hard troops with their toughness of 5.

Stinger

Stingers are the cheapest models available to the Koralon, and are the closest thing the Koralon have for ranged support. Their Trachulous even has medium range, and with their shooting of 4 they are actually able to hit something. They have the same drawback as the Reapers, Impetuous and a low command value, meaning that you can't really rely on them to shoot when you want them to, and a bitter hand-to-hand struggle is not what they're made for. I still like them. They are cheap, and they always pose a threat to the enemy. A lucky shot at an expensive enemy model is all that's needed to make you see their value.

Harpikons

At the time this article is written, I haven't had the chance to test these on the battlefield yet. They are the only Jump Troopers available to the Koralon, and they're only 19 points - but then, they haven't got the strongest stat line. I suggest buying the "Spit Venom" ability and trying to shoot down enemies that are out of reach of your ground forces, like Snipers or Dragonflies.

Hydra

The Hydra is another surprise in the arsenal of the Koralon. Its ability to emerge unseen near the enemy can be of great value, especially if combined with a Phazon's Portal. Even when used as brute attack model you get quite a bargain for just 23 points. Strength and Toughness of 5, Immune to Panic, Immune to Shock, Heavy Armour (0), Lethal Strike (x1), and two wounds to top it off. The only disadvantage of the Hydra is its Impetuous special rule. But, who cares? I pity the opponent trying to stop one of these monsters! I wouldn't buy more than one additional secondary vent, because they are pretty expensive, and 2 or 3 possible exits should be more than enough.

Breeder

The Breeder is another unique troop type. She comes with three bonus Skull Swarms for only 22 points, which can be replaced if destroyed, and which are activated separately from the Breeder. Even though the Skull Swarms are for free, they are the ones who do the main work. Since you can get replacement Swarms

that have been taken out when you activate the Breeder, and can even activate your newly bred Skull Swarms in the same turn they are placed on the table, this can give you up to seven activations for just 22 points! (Three Skull Swarms were activated and killed, then you activate your Breeder and breed three new ones, activate these… seven activations!) This means that in theory, you can shock up to six enemies in one turn. In practice, this hardly ever works so well since the Swarms are impetuous. Their fast movement of 6" allows you to move an impressive 12" on lock-fire, so I usually set them all on lock fire in the first turn, and get them as close as possible to the enemy, so I can use them as targets for opening Portals.

Koralon Tactics

Just in case this wasn't clear enough already - get in close combat as fast as you can, and make good use of cover. Hybrids are disposable, so you can use them to protect your Purestrains by keeping them closer to the enemy for target priority. Phazons are the most valuable part of your army. Keep them out of trouble at all costs. If possible I leave another model behind with the Phazon to act as a kind of bodyguard.

Portals give you many tactical options. You can place all your models except one on one side of the table and advance with your main force to place pressure on a specific point in the enemy lines. The single model on the other flank won't draw too much attention. But if the time is right you can open a portal from your main force to the lonely model and easily switch sides in one turn. Your opponent will be totally surprised and not able to shift his force as quickly as you did, and you can catch him flatfooted. However, you will have to keep your main force close together to be able to get through the portal, which will make you very vulnerable against enemy template weapons.

Alternatively, use a Hydra and place the secondary surface vent as close to the enemy as possible. Don't worry about getting your Hydra revealed. Its two wounds and toughness 5 should let it survive even if you lose the initiative and the enemy gets the first turn. Your Phazon, which is on snap-fire, now opens a Portal 3" closer to the enemy. Then all your other models can get through the Portal and engage in close combat in the first turn. That will be an overwhelming start.

Another way to use your Portal is a quick advance in the first round to bring you closer to the enemy, which is my favourite tactic. Place your whole army on lock-fire; buy some time by activating your close combat models first until only your Breeder, Skull Swarms and Phazon remain inactivated. At that point, the enemy should have activated most of his army, and your remaining force is free to act. Rush a Skull Swarm the full 12" towards the enemy. Next, open a Portal with your Phazon another 3" closer to the enemy, then use the remaining Skull Swarms and send them right through the Portal. This will allow you to cross a distance of about 26" in the first turn (I subtracted 1" for the move to the Portal). Then in your second turn, the first thing to do is use your Phazon on snap-fire to open another portal, and then sweep the enemy away with you Purestrains.

If I want my main body of the army to charge through the portal, I'll build a circle with my whole strike force where I leave enough space in the middle to place a Portal. Thus, most models are left with enough movement to actually reach an enemy if they get through the portal. This, combined with the "Portal hopping", would be my preferred tactic. However, this has a major drawback: if your Portal fails, your whole army is still sitting somewhere in the back doing nothing. Still, I like the expression on the face of my opponent if it seems like I am doing nothing in the first turn, an then suddenly I open a portal and get my Swarms very close to his forces. Another thing to consider is that when you play a 300 points game and use a Phazon and Breeder or Hydra, they will cost you about 70 points. Since they do not belong to your first line fighting force, and will be somewhere in the back, it leaves you short of 70 points for troops for you main body. 300 points compared to 230 are around 30% more. So each of your models has to face 1.3 of the enemy. Trust me, this will be a real problem.

If you prefer the straightforward way of playing, you can just as well forget about the portal. Just use a lot of troops and make a direct approach. Leave your more valuable models behind the cheaper ones. Strike hard and without mercy. You could also stick to using only the cheapest troops available. For 300 points you could get 25 Stingers… That's quite a lot of brainless mass. I'm sure you can come up with more ways to play the horde. There are a lot of options and ways of playing the Koralon. Don't be afraid to try something new. If you stick to the same tactic for too many games your opponent will be prepared and will beat you more and more times. Be flexible, be unpredictable, be an alien.

Koralon Force Lists

So, that's the Koralon horde in a nutshell. Now it's time to get a little more tangible and present you with an example army list. However, I have trouble deciding what exactly I want - all the troops are good! I'll settle for the Koralon army that won me second place at the Urban War tournament at NordCon 2005 here in Germany. We only played with 250 points, so I will try to present a 300-point variant of the army I used.

The basic plan of my army was to get some Skull Swarms close to the enemy in the first turn and charge through a Portal in the second. The major drawback is that I have to keep most models close together to make maximum use of the portal and still have enough movement left once I crossed it. Since I am not moving the other models until the attack Portal opens, they won't close up to the enemy. If there is enough cover you can try a careful advance and get a bit closer, but still stay together. However if by chance you fail to open the Portal on snap-fire in the second turn you will have a big problem, because the enemy can kill all the Skull Swarms that are close to him and you have to start all over. But nothing is without a risk.

The backbone of my Army will be my Phazon. A CAL 2 Phazon with the chance to get 2 follow-on actions sounds more than enough to open a portal even in Snap-Fire. His command of 5 is quite good, and the Hybrid Control skill can be very valuable. And really, which Koralon Force would be complete without a Phazon? I need to keep in mind that I'll need 3 Cal 0 or Cal 1 models to be allowed to take that CAL 2 Phazon - but this shouldn't be a problem.

As I've outlined above, the cheapest way to get some of your Koralon close to the enemy are Skull Swarms. With one Breeder you get 3 free Skull Swarms and four activations. If your Swarms get killed you can breed new ones easily, which makes Swarms the best cannon fodder available. Chalk up 22 points for the Breeder and her 3 Swarms. The Breeder has two wounds and can stand a hit, but still I plan to have her take cover as often as possible - why take chances with my little Swarm factory? The Swarms will advance as fast as possible so I can get the portal close to the enemy as early as possible.

So far, I've spent 71 points of my 300 on this Phazon/Breeder combo. That's 24%, almost a quarter of my army not made for fighting. With my portal part done I need something to get through the portal and cause damage.

I choose 3 CAL 0 Broods (now I have enough

CAL 0 to be allowed to take my Phazon) and 1 CAL 1 Brood for the harder punch. That's 63 points for the CAL 0's and 28 for the CAL 1. One of my CAL 0 Brood will act as a bodyguard for the Phazon, if necessary. Since my whole plan stands and falls with the Phazon he has to be safe. The bodyguard Brood will be positioned behind the Phazon so that any flanking enemy troops (Jump Troopers and the like) will have to take out the Brood before they can take on the Phazon. With his high toughness and shield he is quite a good bodyguard.

Next on the list is my elite strike force, consisting of one CAL 1 Brood Leader and one CAL 1 Larvan with two Coraline Blades, for 30 points each. I expect them to deal with all the hard or high CAL enemy models. They will be my second wave through the portal after the CAL 0's have pinned some opponents and made them use their strike back. They will clean up the space around the portal and even be able to get quite a distance away from the portal if they get their follow on action. I expect great things from the Larvan, because Larvans are my favourites.

Last but not least, I'll spend some the leftover points on some Hybrids: one Stinger and one Reaper. Since these aren't Purestrains, I don't care that much about them. They can either charge through the portal first or advance on the opposing side of the swarms to give me a second option for the portal. But I won't rely on them. They add a little more manpower and maybe catch some bullets for my purestrain Koralon. If I send them through the portal they are the first wave and either catch over-watch bullets or force the enemies they engage in close combat to waste their strike back.

Wrapping things up at this point, my force is at 249 point with 10 models plus 3 Skull Swarms. This is the force I used at NordCon, a good balanced army in my eyes, but still it could use a bit more punch. Since I am left with 51 points and this is exactly the cost of a CAL 2 Loadout I Broodmaster, and the Broodmaster is one of the strongest models available, it would be a crime not to include it in a 300 points force. The Broodmaster will have the task of dealing with the strongest enemies on the field, like Oni Battlesuits, Greater Pit Beasts and things like that.

Qty	Troop Type	CAL	Points	Total
1	Phazon	2	49	49
1	Breeder	0	22	22
3	Brood	0	21	63
1	Brood	1	28	28
1	Brood Leader	1	30	30
1	Larvan	1	30	30
1	Reaper	0	15	15
1	Stinger	0	12	12
1	Broodmaster	2	51	51
				300 points

A variation of this army I'm looking forward to trying has the CAL 1 Brood replaced by a Hydra, and gives the Brood Leader the "Stealth" ability. This will exceed the point limit by 1 point, but unless you play a tournament that should be o.k. (if not, change the Reaper to another Stinger - voila, 498 points). Another possibility would be to increase the staying power of the Broodmaster by upgrading him to Heavy Armour (+1) instead of giving the Brood Leader Stealth. As you can see, you've got plenty of options.

There are a lot of ways to build a Koralon Army. Go and try a couple of army builds yourself, and you will find one that will satisfy your way of playing. I had a lot of fun trying out different armies and different methods of playing. So go on then. Spread Coraline all over Iskandria. Let no one survive.

Cheers,
Christian

BUILDING URBAN WAR TABLETOPS

Well it was about time that I got my hands dirty, so I opted to make some tabletops for the Urban War league games in the Gamebox.

For the material of the boards I went for a combination of foam board and chipboard. The foam board would allow me to cut into it to create shell craters and depressions in the surface. The chipboard was relatively resilient and certainly lighter than MDF we had used in previous display tables. We would have to transport theses to other shows and events so weight was a factor.

In order to prevent much pain and death I had the hardware store cut the chipboard and foam board to 60cm by 60cm squares. This at least guaranteed that they would match up when it came to gluing them together! Also by having these smaller boards it would make them easier to transport. I could then use 4 of them for a standard game or more for bigger games.

First of all I applied a liberal coat of PVA glue to the reverse the foam board and then attached it to the chipboard (Fig 1). As I completed each pair I stacked them up so that the pressure helped them to glue securely together. I placed some chipboard off cuts on top of the stack once I had completed all the boards (Fig 2). I then left them overnight to dry thoroughly.

For the next stage I took a sharp knife and cut triangular sections out of the foam board in an irregular star shape. I started shallow at the sharp end but cut deeper towards the centre of the star (Fig 3). I then repeated this over the board varying the sizes of each of the "stars". To create the textured effected in the craters I used a soldering iron. Once the iron was hot I dragged it from the centre of the star to the outside edges pulling up slightly as I got to the edge (Fig 4). With these grooves I was trying to create a radial blast pattern from the centre of the crater outwards. When doing this part of the process it is important that you do it in a well-ventilated area.

Fig 1

Fig 2

Fig 3

Fig 4

Fig 5

Fig 6

Fig 7

Fig 8

Fig 9

Fig 10

Next up I painted the entire boards in textured paint (Fig 5). This gives a good overall irregular texture to them with very little effort. When painting the craters I used radial stokes out from the centre, again to reinforce the blast pattern. Again I left them to dry overnight (Fig 6).

The edge of the craters now needed building up. To do this I used some Ziterdes basing gravel, one course and the other fine (Fig 7). First I mixed up some PVA glue with a little water to help it flow better. I then added some blue paint so that I could see where I was applying it on the white boards (Fig 8). With the glue mixture I painted around the outside of the craters (Fig 9). I then sprinkled the gravel mix around the glued area (Fig 10). In order to speed up this process I painted all the crater edges on one board and then, using a small plastic bag containing the gravel mix pinched at the end, sprinkled them all in one go (Fig 11&12). Once finished I left it to dry for a couple of hours (Fig 13).

When the glue was dry I banged the edge of the boards on the work surface to remove the loose gravel and then went over it again with a large brush (Fig 14&15). The loose gravel I collected to use for future boards. I then, with neat PVA, glued some larger pieces of gravel around the edges of the craters. In order to create some wreckage I took some square, H and circular section plastic tubing and distressed them with a pair of pliers and, as well as some spare metal accessories, ammo boxes and jerry cans, glued them to the edge of the craters.

In order to tie in the texture around the craters with the texture on the boards I gave them a coat of the textured painted I had used earlier. Now the board was ready for painting.

Since the board was quite textured I figured that it would be quicker to spray paint rather than try to paint in with a brush where the texture would create air bubbles over the raised parts and make it difficult

Fig 11

Fig 12

Fig 13

Fig 14

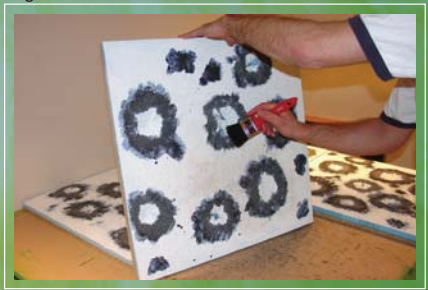


Fig 15

Fig 16

Fig 17

Fig 18

Fig 19

Fig 20

to get a proper cover of colour. I spray painted the entire board black (Fig 20). Then I used a mid-grey to spray in between the craters, leaving the inside of the craters black. By going heavier or lighter, by varying the distance at which you spray the board, you can create different shades of grey utilising the black undercoat (Fig 21). I then used an earth brown colour to spray the "rubble" around the edge of the craters using a quick circular action. This invariably gets into the crater so I touched up the craters with black spray paint. To do this, point the can directly into the centre of the crater and as you depress the nozzle quickly pull the can away from the board. This creates a nice graded effect in the crater (Fig 22). I then block painted the twisted iron girders silver and the pipes and ammo boxes grey (Fig 23). These were then washed in dark brown ink (Fig 24).

The next stage was to dry brush the board. To do this I used a 2" decorator's brush. I first started with a mid grey and dry brushed the grey areas. I then repeated the process with a light grey but brushed it very gently across the surface of the boards paying particular attention to the raised areas (Fig 25). I then took a mid brown colour and repeated the previous process with the areas of "rubble" around the craters and finished it off with a light brown. I then finally dry brushed the outside edge of the blacken crater with a dark grey (Fig 26 & 27).

The final stage was to give the boards a good couple of coats of matt varnish. Then, since these boards would be getting handled a lot, I taped black duct tape around the edges to strengthen them.

Have fun!

John

Fig 21

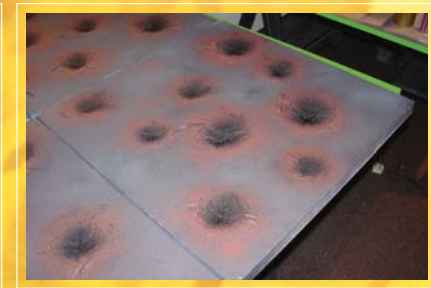


Fig 22

Fig 23

Fig 24

Fig 25

Fig 26

Fig 27

Forthcoming Urban War Construction Set

URBAN WAR

Welcome to the fourth issue of Urban War. As you can see this issue is jam packed with great articles written by Urban War enthusiasts from all over the world. So why not get your name in print and send us your ideas whether they are scenarios, force lists or modelling and painting articles. Please write to the address on the back of the magazine or e-mail us at submissions@urbanmammoth.com for more details.

We also have a specific forum for Urban War where you can see new artwork and figures before they are released. Also you have the possibility to ask questions regarding the game to the development team. In addition to the forums you will find freely downloadable resources such as quick reference sheets, stat cards and force checkers.

Why not sign up to our newsletter so that you don't miss out on any updates in the future. The other benefit is you get put forward for our random monthly draw where the lucky winner receives a free miniature from that month's release.

The next issue will focus on the Junkers with the introduction of Legionaries and Praetorians. Also there will be tournament rules as well as details on the tournament packs that we can supply including T-shirts and badges.

See you on the forum

John

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